

THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1919

Reedy's MIRROR

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The Case of the Rand School

THE RAND SCHOOL of Social Science, located in the People's House at 7 East 15th Street, New York City, has been unlawfully raided by Lusk Investigating Committee and its agents, its property damaged, garbled quotations from its correspondents published broadcast, to the great detriment of the school in the minds of the public who know nothing of its well-established educational work in Socialism and allied subjects now in existence for thirteen years.

The school and its officers and teachers have been denied any hearing to present their side of the case and therefore are obliged to appeal to the people of the United States for the simplest right of self-defense.

Protests are being heard from many quarters. The following, from sources not in agreement with the theories taught by the school, may be cited:

From the *New York World* Editorial, July 10, 1919. Democrat.

"It is time for it (the Lusk Committee) to call a halt on itself and stick close to the business it was created to do. Its duty is to conduct an inquiry and to prepare a report to the Legislature as a guide to future action. It is not a tribunal expressly for the conviction of persons whose opinions its members dislike. In making itself judge, jury and prosecuting attorney it forgets its proper functions. It is solely a committee of investigation, with limited powers, which it seems none too well qualified to exercise."

From *The New Republic*, July 9, 1919. Liberal Weekly.

"Shall an instrument of oppression drawn from the repository of the star chamber, used by the notorious Chief Justice Scroggs, denounced by the courts a century and a half ago, assailed by our colonial forbears as destructive of liberty and law, and condemned by the Supreme Court as 'abhorrent to the instincts of an American'—shall such an instrument be revived in the twentieth century under a constitution and form of government dedicated to liberty and justice?"

From the *New York Evening Post*, July 9, 1919. Republican.

"The proceedings (of the Committee) have been loose. Speeches by Bolshevik agitators and anarchist pamphlets found in the lobby of the Public Library are bundled into a blanket indictment against a Socialist institution of long standing, and, in general, against a party, unquestionably radical, which nevertheless has polled heavy votes in the nation and the city for many years."

From Samuel Untermeyer, Esq., to Hon. Clayton R. Lusk, Chairman Lusk Committee:

"Although it is well known that I am a pronounced anti-Socialist because of my conviction that the governmental policies of Socialism are not practicable and workable and that as a constructive program it is little more than an iridescent dream, I have always realized that the Socialist Party has been of great service and is destined to be of still greater service in curbing and correcting the greed and injustice of the capitalistic system and that its usefulness as an opposition party has been fully vindicated. . . .

"If you believe that these outrages against the proverbial American sense of fair play and your persistent refusal to give these people an opportunity to be heard will be tolerated, that they will not react against the repute and usefulness of your Committee, you little understand the American spirit."

All public spirited citizens who agree with the protests voiced above and desire to assist the Rand School in its desperate fight not only for its own right to exist, but for the right of the most fundamental constitutional protection for the people of the United States and their institutions, are invited to send in the attached slip with contributions.

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REEDY'S MIRROR

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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The Present Discontents

By William Marion Reedy

A GREAT many years ago a great man, Edmund Burke, wrote some "Thoughts on the Present Discontents" and some "Letters on the Regicide Peace." The circumstances and conditions that provoked his utterances were so similar to those that surround and confront us today that it would be waste of time to elaborate the parallelism. And, of course, I cannot be as eloquent or go as far wrong in many things as did the distinguished statesman who "to party gave up what was meant for mankind."

The present discontents are world-wide. In Russia they have developed into revolution and they have done the same in Germany and Austria-Hungary in lesser or greater degree. The unrest in France is repressed by a stronger hand than we are permitted by the censorship to know. In Great Britain this disaffection of the people towards existing conditions is general and deep. There are terrible strikes that almost paralyze the productivity of the nation and the working people have the Government almost completely at their mercy. They bid fair to enforce their demands for the nationalization of the railroads, the mining and other great industries. There is revolution more or less actively violent in Egypt, India and Ireland, and this revolution manifests itself in strikes of the discontented population. The ailment that affects Europe is epidemic. In Burke's day it was confined chiefly to France. Now it has spread to this country.

The diagnosis is simple enough. The Great War has left the world in a state of physical and financial exhaustion, after five years of destruction and slaughter. Industry is stagnant. Debts have piled up so mountainously that neither the statesmen nor the people can see any way in which they can be paid. Society has become more or less disorganized. Its nerves have been shattered by sufferings and horrors. The splendid things which the great upheaval were to bring about do not make their appearance, unless indeed the one splendid thing anticipated should prove to be this unrest that is stirring the whole world. The war was fought and won professedly for the emancipation of the common man. The outcome of the war so far has been a treaty of peace and a proposed League of Nations, neither one of which, unfortunately, seems to fulfill the expectations of the masses of men. The world today looks for results quick and definite. The peace of Paris is unsatisfying in that it seems to be nothing more than a new alliance of statesmen dividing the earth among themselves and covering that performance with a colorful and ambiguous phraseology. That peace is supposed to be a peoples' peace

not. It is a peace of governments designed to preserve and perpetuate a *status quo* satisfactory to the victors in the mighty conflict. The very best that can be said for the peace is that it is the best that could be framed by the members of the conference, and that it is to be accepted because it is the only thing that offers us a hope for the prevention of war. From the little that we have been permitted to know about it we deduce that the peace was formulated in accordance with agreements of that secret diplomacy, which we were told the negotiators were determined to abjure and abandon. The hopes of vast subject populations that they would be granted the exercise of the right of self-determination of their allegiance and their forms of government have been dashed.

This country fought to free the world. It sees self-determination granted only to those peoples whose setting up in self-government conduces to the end of ringing the former central empires with hostile states dependent upon the support of the victorious allies. It sees the German people, against whom we declared it was not our intention to make war, subjected to crucifying terms of reparation. It sees China, our associate in the war, deprived of Shantung by Japan, and Greece robbed by Italy of Northern Epirus, Smyrna and the Dodecanese islands. All this is disillusion of the idealism of this people. The case of Russia is worse. This country is making war upon the people there, when those people have done nothing but set up their own kind of a republic, even as we did in 1776; fighting those people because they took their own country from its overlords, and because they will not pay the money borrowed by their ruthless masters to keep them in poverty, ignorance and misery. We told the German people we would take them into the family of nations upon terms exacting neither annexations nor indemnities if only they would overthrow their masters. They did that, and now we are holding them as pariahs.

These are not the things the American people expected as the fruit of the war into which we plunged with an exalted enthusiasm. To the extent that the war fails to realize our ideals, the war is a failure, and every thinking man knows it. Knowing it, most men take refuge in saying that the best of the outcome, such as the faith of the signatories to work out the proximate results, which we

common man, who is not the more resigned to that condition when he reads that the war has produced in this country 30,000 new millionaires. Soldiers and sailors returned from the war cannot find work. And meanwhile there is rumor of another war—to bring about “order” in Mexico. Millions of dollars in airplanes and other equipment and in military stores were burned up to save the cost of bringing them home. Food-stuffs ordered by the Government before the armistice were sold abroad, when they were needed at home, with the result of keeping up prices to the American consumer. The packers combine is discovered to have made itself master of the people’s bread and meat and poultry and vegetables and leather and God only knows what else. Meanwhile we are familiarized with the horrible details of atrocities committed upon American military prisoners at the “farms” in France. We search vainly for “heroes” of the war—and we have to contemplate the character of “Hard Boiled” Smith. We fought the war to do away with militarism, and now we are confronted with a proposal for a standing army of 510,000 men and the conscription act of 1917 to be kept on the statute books *saecula saeculorum*. With the Government in charge of the wire services we found it dealing in stern repressive measures with organized labor and denying the right of collective bargaining. We heard much talk of doing something for our fighters beyond sea, but nothing is done for them. They are not being put on the land. They are going “on the town.” We meet them of an evening begging in the streets. We read of them taking to banditry in lieu of honest occupation. We heard much talk of post-war reconstruction. It was all talk. Nothing has come of it. The bureaucracy has not evolved any program to get industry going. The armistice was signed in November, and nothing has been done to set industry upon its feet since that time. The President thought all that was necessary was to take the war-harness off industry. He was wrong. His industrial policy of *laissez faire* has resulted only in the protraction of the picnic of the profiteers. To be sure there were advances in pay in the governmentally conducted railroads, but they were not sufficient to keep up with the leaps and bounds of the cost of living, and as for unorganized labor the mystery is how it continues to live at all. Atop of this comes the exasperation due to the infliction upon the people of the abomination of prohibition. That was an example of Prussianism not calculated to soothe the minds of people who had wrought and fought, saved and slaved for freedom, for personal liberty. And then taxes, taxes, taxes, no end—taxes that all come out of the poor man eventually. And now a revival of the movement to protect our infant industries against exhausted Germany! The protection will be sufficient to keep out the foreign goods, but it will be added to the cost to the home consumer of the protected goods made at home. Bad telegraph, telephone, mail, express and railroad service has helped increase public dissatisfaction. Rent profiteers are driving tenants to camping in the streets and parks! Street car fares boosted from the old-time nickel to as high as eight cents! An impost upon the soft drinks at the soda fountains! Everywhere one turns, everything of which one thinks is an aggravation of unpleasantness. And if one dares to utter complaint or indulge in mild denunciation the word flung in his face is “Bolshevism.” But the catalogue of annoyances, disgraces, grievances and distresses might be

The country has been neglected for the world at large, for humanity as the saying is, and the worst of it is that humanity is not immediately or overwhelmingly benefited except in so far as the slaughter has been stopped. It still goes on in Russia and Egypt and Afghanistan and elsewhere. Humanity is still in sore travail. The disappointment in the war is as world-wide as was the war itself. The masses of the people everywhere are lacking in food and clothing and shelter and work. The men who fought to save their countries from imperialism return to their own countries to find they have no share in them. They are little better off than the peoples of the vanquished nations. They strike and are suppressed with machine guns in England. They were similarly suppressed in France and in Italy. There have been ugly strikes in Canada and Australia. And the victors are blockading the people of Russia in order to help reactionists, czarists, aristocratic counter-revolutionists like Kolchak and Denikin. As the multitudes in this country think of these things they cannot be blamed for feeling that their sacrifices have won for the workers of other lands none of those better conditions for the establishment of which we went into the war. They think too that something should have been done for this country to mitigate the evil domestic consequences of the war. The President and his cabinet and the bureaucrats generally and the members of congress at Washington have come to think so too. Let us hope that these representatives—or rather rulers—of ours have not come to this thinking too late. They should have prepared for peace problems during the war; they should have begun to organize the country for the industrial crisis of peace at least after the armistice. They have done nothing and the best that is proposed now is—an investigation. And after the investigation, legislation that will take time. The people cannot wait on investigation and legislation. They want to know why something was not done before to the profiteers. They cannot feed now on eloquence from the White House or the capitol. They know that the White House is glad of a diversion of attention for a time from the discussion of moral deficiencies of the League of Nations. They know that, to an extent, the administration wants to make a bluff at doing something about the high cost of living in order to “put the Republicans in a hole.” If a demonstration of desire to help labor can be made with success, that may help to bring the Senate into line for the treaty and the covenant. The people are not the less angered and embittered because they realize that, under all the fanfare of belated concern for the welfare of workers, there is going on a fine large maneuver in practical politics. They were forgotten while the politicians played for position over the

League of Nations. They recognize the fact that the President pretty well ignored them while he was playing diplomatic poker or pinochle at Paris with Clemenceau, Lloyd George and Orlando.

What are the things proposed to be done to relieve the situation? It is intimated that something can be done to deflate the currency. How? No one can tell. "Monkeying" with the currency will only make bad conditions worse, so far as I can see. And anything that might be done will take time. It won't give the people cheaper food, clothing, rent, right away. Tinkering with the people's money will not produce anything but a panic and the last condition of the public will be worse than the first.

It is proposed that the government sell the wheat crop at less than the \$2.26 per bushel guaranteed to the farmers and make up the difference to the farmers out of the billion dollar fund to protect the farmer's price. That will not help in the long run. That billion dollars will have to come out of the people in taxes. And what is to be done for the millers and others? The cost of wheat is not all there is to the cost of flour to the ultimate consumer. The price of wheat is said to regulate all other prices. It does, probably, under normal conditions and in the long run, but it is doubtful if it will do so if fixed arbitrarily out-of-hand and at-the-drop-of-the-hat. Distribute the reduction in the price of wheat among 100,000,000 people and the reduction to each one is very small. How long can the people live on a reduction of price to the extent of \$1 per bushel? The condition is not for a year. It will last for a long time. Government wheat dealing will be a stop-gap for a brief period. It will not bring relief of long duration. The proposal to put an embargo on supplies to Europe looks attractive to some people. But that would be

(Continued on page 532)

The One Big Union

By William Marion Reedy

(Reproduced by request from Reedy's Mirror, May 22, 1919.)

THOUGH the American Federation of Labor has never looked with kindly eye upon the attempt of the intellectuals of this country to identify themselves with the labor movement, they insist on breaking in. A labor union has been organized by the professors in the University of Illinois to advance their interests. A number of men and women engaged in research work for the Government at Washington have also banded together to secure better pay and better working conditions. We have heard, too, that in several cities reporters are unionizing themselves to bring concentrated influence to bear upon the proprietors of the great dailies for more wages and shorter hours. All the reporters of Great Britain met in a labor convention, last month, and formulated demands for better treatment.

The significance of these things should not be lost upon those persons who are fighting unionism. It means that there is coming to the support of workers with their hands a sympathetic co-operation by elements hitherto indifferent, if not hostile, to the union programme. In England there has been organized a body proudly calling itself the Middle Class Union. Heretofore the middle class has been the butt of the intellectuals and the loathing of the radicals. Between the proletariat on one hand and the capitalists on the other, the salaried man and the small business man have had no participation in the benefits of war prosperity, though they have had to bear the growing burden of the high cost of

living. Capitalists and Unionists have divided the spoils. So long as they got theirs they did not care how the unhappy "ultimate consumer" fared. The unorganized multitude were submerged. They are now coming to the top for a little air and a place in the sun. They will get both if they stick together. There are more of them than there are of the others. They have as much brains, if not more. They can make those others "stand and deliver" of their rake-off. They can exert as much or more influence in politics and upon legislation. The farmers of the West and South are a more powerful factor in this Government than ever before. In North Dakota they have accomplished a revolution. They have secured control of the State. I think it is a mistake that, in doing so, they are making the State supreme; but that is a thing that can be remedied, when the farmers discover that they have made a machine that may eat them up. Down South the cotton planters propose to control their States and possibly Congress to the end that they may dictate the price of their product. The consumers may have to organize against this.

To be sure, this is the class war in full swing, but the more the classes are organized, the sooner they will find out that the remedy does not lie in that direction. The cure for what ails all classes is not in more classism but in more everybodyism. Finally, we must come to the one big union. That union must work for a share for everybody in what was made for everybody, by leaving to each what each produces. We are all workers in the one big shop—the world. Nobody must be

shut out who is willing to work. Just to be a human being is the only union card necessary. When the great majority of folks have been gathered into the little unions they will see the truth. That is, that justice for one class or another is not the ideal, but justice for all classes.

How is this to be attained? The answer is that what makes classes is privilege and the chief of all privileges is the privilege of pre-empting the earth in and on which all people who come to this planet—their wishes unconsulted—must work in order to live. When the classes find out, as they must, that the thing that sets them against each other is this privilege, they will destroy it. There will be room enough for everybody and work enough for everybody when the earth is an open shop. Work will be the rule and not fighting for the right to work and for the full product of their toil. The career will still be open to talent of every kind. Each will get according to what he gives. We cannot in fairness ask for more than that.

The truth is one; it is that there is no justice if it be not for all. There would be no classes if everybody had a fair show, which now they have not. To bring about this fair show is the ultimate of democracy—industrial democracy. Let unionization in small bodies proceed. It cannot but teach that all men have the same interest—that we are all members of one another. Ultimately there must be a union of unions—inclusion, not exclusion, is the road to justice. There must be but one union—the human race—its only bond, equality of opportunity.

Baby Fever

By Reita Lambert Ranck

IT was undoubtedly a strange environment for a young girl like Nellie O'Malley, but even a maternity hospital must have a switchboard and someone to operate it, which accounted for her presence there in a little niche just off the tiled foyer.

She was slim and youthful and pretty in an impertinent sort of way—was Nellie. Her blue eyes were not the limpid orbs of unsophisticated nineteen. Rather, they looked out upon a somewhat shabby world through cynical, cosmetic-touched lashes. Her small, red mouth was quick to twist with slangy repartee. Her education had its foundation in a four-room "walk up" apartment on Tenth avenue in a domestic atmosphere which echoed with the jangle of marital discords and reeked with the odor of badly cooked food, and her playground had been the unbeautiful thoroughfare before the dingy apartment house. From these environs she emerged at nineteen with her own ill-proportioned ideas of life and people. Her presence in the Bancroft Maternity Hospital was evidence of her acumen and application, for she had been sent from the central office and accorded an advance in salary upon assuming her new duties.

The first few days at the hospital were illuminating ones for Nellie. The phrase "maternity hospital" had hitherto conveyed to her no sense of its real meaning. But she had not been there many days when she approached a student nurse in the corridor.

"Say, listen," she began with easy nonchalance. "Did I get you right when I heard you say that this hospital was just—just for babies to be born in?"

"You did," smiled the nurse.

"No operations—appendicitis nor nothing? Just babies?"

"Just babies."

"My Gawd!" ejaculated Nellie solemnly. "Then all those wards and rooms—"

"Are occupied by young mothers—or expectant ones," supplied the nurse.

Nellie went slowly back to her switchboard and seated herself, the better to absorb the astounding intelligence.

Now, Nellie had her own preconceived ideas of babies and their uses. They were, she knew, reddish, noisome and wholly undesirable. The knowledge that a place actually existed in which to receive babies exclusively, astonished her beyond belief. That afternoon she "listened in" assiduously on her connections, seeking further proof of this astounding fact.

While she listened blankly, a lifetime conviction oozed away into bewildered amazement:

"A boy! How perfectly lovely!" Or, "nine pounds! My goodness and she's so—" Or, "blue eyes and the little thing looks as if she knew just what was going on around—" Why, the new-born infant was discussed with as much concern as though it actually mattered. The nurse in charge invariably answered these telephonic exclamations with the note in her voice of a person who gloats over some great achievement.

Nat McCullough meeting her on Kelly's corner as usual that evening, received the first flood of her incoherent amazement.

"My Gawd! It's just full of babies! And they want 'em! Why you wouldn't believe the mush I heard sloppin' over the wire—husbands, you know. All crazy excited and glad! Think of it, Nat—glad!"

The man at her side shifted his cigar smartly from one side of his mouth to the other.

"Well, it takes all kinds o' nuts to make an asylum," he philosophized.

The two strolled down the avenue. It was a warm night in early spring and signs of spring were in

evidence. Just as the first wood violet in some moistly fragrant wood premises the coming of summer, so was Nellie's avenue germinating with its promise of warmer days. Ill-clad feet shuffled by more slowly than would have been comfortable a few days before. Clusters of formless women gossiped at street corners and shouted from open windows. Children, grimy and vociferous, infested the pavements or slept in shoddy perambulators.

Through the familiar scenes strolled Nellie and her "steady." Nellie in her cheap, ultra-fashionable clothes, a couple of inches of gauzy silk stocking visible above her gray shoe tops, her premature spring hat at a rakish angle upon her blond coiffure; Nat, his large loose-jointed figure encased in a modish suit of the material known as pepper-and-salt, his good-natured face and cordovan shoes competing for shining supremacy, guiding Nellie with a huge red hand slipped beneath her slim elbow.

"Well," he interrupted her finally, "let's cut the baby guff and talk about something else."

"Sure," agreed Nellie. "What, for instance, would interest your highness?"

"You know," he said, and gave the slender arm a suggestive squeeze.

Nellie yawned elaborately.

"I ain't got the least idea."

The two had come like homing pigeons straight into a turfless little park. Dingy it was and with little about it to distinguish it as a park. But the night had the promise of spring on its breath; the street lights were dim, and to these two—products of domestic bedlam—the solitude of the place seemed quite perfect.

They sought a bench in a patch of shadow and sat down upon it very close to each other. The pepper-and-salt sleeve was soon encircling the slender shoulders and there followed a wordless interval. Then the man spoke softly, all banter gone from his voice:

"You know what I want to talk about," he said—"you and me."

"Huh! You hate yourself, don't you?"

"Can't you be serious, Nellie? Won't you marry me?"

He felt her body stiffen and tried to draw her to him but she jerked angrily away.

"Now, cut that!" she warned sharply. "We're goin' together like you wanted. I'm your girl—and that's enough, ain't it?"

"No," he said unsteadily. "We been going together nearly a year now. I been put on the day delivery and got my raise and the boss says I'll get another soon. So what's to keep us from getting married?"

"Nothing except me," said Nellie indifferently—"and I ain't stuck on what I seen of marriage, so I'm steering clear of it, see!"

The man peered hard into the dusk-framed little face—small, wistful and infinitely dear to him.

"But don't you care for me, Nellie?" he asked passionately. "Don't you know when two people love each other they—they want to get married?"

"Not me," said the girl in a low voice. "I ain't marrying, Nat, and that's just all there is to it."

In the days that followed, Nellie, avid of new impressions, found food for thought and wonder in her new position. She began to understand and absorb the atmosphere of the place. As intermediary between the outer world and those mysterious and odoriferous regions upstairs, she heard much and was quick to guess the rest. Over the wires, which she manipulated so deftly, stupendous tidings passed. The purr of a taxi outside the door was the signal for a suppressed hum of excitement and was always followed by a frantic and anxious buzzing at her switchboard. Often on still afternoons, sounds penetrated the intervening walls to Nellie's niche just off the corridor—not pleasant sounds. At first they sent Nellie's heart leaping up into her throat and her fingers to her ears.

And then, one day, Nellie, now quite a fixture in the hospital, was initiated into the mysteries of those regions upstairs so paradoxically replete with agony and delight. She followed Miss Fowler, one of the floor nurses, through the white corridors, past sunny

rooms, from whence came the cheery voices of patient and nurse, into a spacious chamber, whiter and sunnier than any Nellie had ever seen. About the walls, placed at regular intervals, were ten small, spotless beds, and in each snowy nest, tucked in so deftly and neatly that it might just have grown there, lay a small and pinkish occupant. Nellie, her absurd high heels clicking on the tile floors, went wide-eyed from one to the other in delighted amazement.

"Oh, boy!" she ejaculated in a husky whisper, "ain't they the cutest things! Could I—do you suppose I could hold one?"

Miss Fowler smiled and stooped over one wee bed.

When Nellie had the limp, pliable little body in her arms, it was as if some small operation had been performed upon her cynical young soul. She held it breathlessly for a moment. It happened to be a rather homely baby with a very bald head and a very pink face. But it snuggled down against her warm body and gave voice to a contented grunt. Nellie held it close, her heart doing unexpected things beneath her filmy blouse. But all she said was: "Huh! The little brat likes being held, don't it?"

After that visit to the upstairs Nellie's world became a maternity world. She developed a proprietary interest in every new "case" that entered the hospital: watched the anxious and hurried entrance of some expectant mother, waiting impatiently for news and exclaiming delightedly over the weight and condition of the latest little newcomer. She evolved a soothing and reassuring manner toward frantic relations who telephoned for details.

And then a curious thing happened. She discovered one evening that an unaccountable despondency she had been feeling of late was not attributable to hunger but to an emptiness in quite another part of her. She had been endeavoring to fill the vacancy with cakes and maple syrup at Kelly's—her unvarying evening meal—when she made the discovery that it was not food that she wanted—but a baby. The realization startled her with its abrupt and weighty significance.

She wanted a baby!

She wanted to be a mother—first an expectant one with all sorts of dreams and interesting conjectures. Then she wanted to go to Bancroft and be, for the occasion, sole object of solicitous care from a whole platoon of white-capped nurses—the recipient of attention from one of the city's most skilled obstetricians. She wanted to lie in bed and have her baby brought to her and listen to enthusiastic praises of its weight, color, condition. She, too, wanted to have the thrill of that divine realization after nine months of expectancy and uncertainty.

As a matter of fact, Nellie's affiliation with the hospital had affected her as Tom Sawyer's chums had been affected by his cunning on that momentous white-washing occasion. Nellie had looked on at maternity for so long that she wanted to experience it.

Now, a somewhat weedy and promiscuous truck garden is not likely to yield hot-house produce. There had been no attempt in the four-room walk-up apartment of Nellie's youth to cultivate the gentler arts and graces but through those jumbled years she had unconsciously evolved a creed—a sort of ingenious ingeniousness, the touchstone of which was necessity. What Nellie craved she took—if the object of her craving were within reaching distance. When she left Kelly's there were bright spots on her cheeks and a feverish light in her blue eyes. She was long over her toilet that evening and was rewarded for her trouble by Nat's glistening eyes when the two met as usual on the corner.

"Some swell kid you are tonight, all right!"

She gave him a coy little grin.

"Ain't I always swell?"

"You sure are," he said emphatically. "You always look good to me, Nellie."

She preened herself proudly and smiled up at him.

"Well," he said, "what'll it be tonight—a box in the Metropolitan Horseshoe or a movie?"

"Oh, don't let's go to a movie, tonight, Nat," she said softly. "Let's just walk and talk."

He glanced down at her in surprise. This tender Nellie was a rare mood. His eyes warmed as he gave her arm a responsive squeeze and they started down the familiar street which was articulate with summer evening activity.

To Nellie nothing appeared quite the same to her sense of vision or thought. Her lips were slightly parted in a half smile, her lashes drooping. Her heart was a-flutter with the promise of new and intoxicating emotions.

Nat, on the contrary, was tinglingly aware of the change in her—some change too subtle for his analyzing. His eyes drank in her youthful sweetness as they swung along together. Nellie O'Malley was Nat's first real passion. It had braved the tempests of many months and moods. It was for her that he had struggled in the delivery department of the Dorey Express Company, struggled for and achieved a truck and route of his own. Now as they neared their favorite trysting place—the shoddy little park, he trembled a little as he felt the small hand on his arm.

It was difficult, being summer, for them to find a sequestered bench, but they succeeded finally and sat down upon it very close together. The gay laughter of romping children; the hazy outline of other strolling couples; the pleasant odor of cigarette smoke coming from some adjacent bench—all were friendly and intimate sounds and smells. For a long time the two sat silent, at peace with their little world. Then Nat felt a soft hand on his cheek.

"Say, a penny for your thoughts!"

He grabbed the little hand and kissed it.

"You know what I'm thinking about."

She pouted.

"I do not."

"You sure do!"

"Huh! I'm no mind reader."

Her shoulder, the satiny pink of it alluringly visible through the filmy blouse, touched his shoulder—perhaps unconsciously. He flung an arm about her and drew her savagely to him.

"Say," he said huskily, "I ain't said it for a long time because you said you'd quit me. But Nellie, marry me. You know how much I love you. Marry me, kid!"

All the saucy impertinence had gone from her manner. She lay unresisting, soft and very sweet in his arms. Her voice when she spoke was low and passionate.

"I—I love you, too, Nat," she said.

His lips were on hers before she had ceased speaking and when he finally released her, both were trembling.

"But I—I won't marry you," she finished shakily.

"The hell you won't!" he blurted angrily.

She swayed against him again.

"But I do love you, Nat."

He resisted the appeal of that sweet, supple body, then again his arms engulfed her hungrily.

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It was nearly a year later, and Nellie O'Malley had been replaced at the Bancroft switchboard some three months when Miss Harvey, the superintendent, was summoned one day to her private office. At first no sign of recognition crossed her kind face at sight of her waiting visitor and then concern and recognition came together. She went swiftly forward.

"Why, Nellie—Nellie O'Malley!" she exclaimed.

Nellie raised a somewhat drawn little face, but the old gay bravado looked out of her blue eyes.

"This place ought to be quarantined," she said with a little laugh, "it's catching, you see."

"So that is why you left us. You—you are married," cried Miss Harvey.

"Not so's you could notice it," she said.

"Not married! Not—and—why, my poor little Nellie! You should have come to me sooner. Tell me his name at once! We shall soon have this scoundrel brought to book!"

"But I don't want him and he isn't a scoundrel," said Nellie testily.

"You say that! Not a scoundrel!" Horror and

unbelief fought for supremacy in Miss Harvey's face.

"Certainly not," denied Nellie vigorously. "I just don't want to be married. See! But a baby—that's different. I just *had* to have one."

"But the man—"

"Oh, he wanted to get married, too," explained Nellie wearily. "But I've seen enough of marriage; I was fed up on it at home. I never seen no romance in a dirty flat. Cuss words was the only love talk I ever heard my father and mother use. I made my get-away from home-sweet-home as soon as I could earn enough and I swore I'd never try double harness myself—see!"

"But there are millions of happy marriages, dear," ventured the scandalized Miss Harvey—scandalized and yet conscious, too, of the justice of the girl's feeling.

"Happy marriages! Not in this world they ain't," said Nellie stoutly.

"But the baby, dear." Miss Harvey took the hands of the wan-eyed girl. "Didn't you love that man, then?"

Nellie's face softened.

"Sure I loved him," she said, her eyes drooping. "That's why I wouldn't marry him."

"But your baby will have no father, no name."

"Don't you believe it," advised Nellie belligerently. "These times a woman's independent. I'm modern, I am. She'll have my name and I can support her all right!"

"But the man—doesn't he know?"

Nellie shook her head.

"I had something saved, see, and I just went away and took a room to wait and sew—for her."

The woman smiled despite the tragedy of it.

"Her," she said. "It is to be a girl, then?"

"Of course," said Nellie crossly and swayed a bit. Miss Harvey threw a protecting arm about her shoulders.

"My dear child, are you in pain?"

"Sure," said Nellie faintly. "That's why I come. I thought maybe you'd let me in and I could pay it back later working at the switchboard again."

And so Nellie O'Malley, whose gay and affectionate presence had been missed by every nurse and physician in the hospital, was taken very tenderly—not to a ward but to a private room. Her quaint story was soon noised about and it really came to pass that the little slum-reared girl did have the solicitous attention of a whole platoon of nurses and the care of a skilled physician.

And when at last it was over and she lay weak and exhausted on her snowy bed, they brought her a bundle just as they had done in her dreams and gently unfolded it before her luminous eyes amid a chorus of extravagant ejaculations.

"The darling! Quite perfect! Nearly nine pounds he weighs, Nellie, dear, and his hair is red!"

"His!" gasped Nellie hoarsely. "It—is it a boy?"

"A beautiful boy! Nearly nine—"

"No, no," interrupted Nellie wildly, but they had lain him, pink and round and dimpled at her side.

"It's a mistake," quavered Nellie. "Mine is a little girl. It must be!"

Then she peered into the tiny face beside her. It was undeniably—absurdly—a tiny replica of Nat.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" she wailed bitterly. "I don't see how he could have done it. I don't want a boy—I just *can't* have a boy!"

Miss Harvey, witness of the semi-comic scene, was as wise as she was kind.

"Very well, Nellie dear," she said firmly. "I believe we can find someone who does."

She lifted the little bundle and started toward the door. The white face upon the pillow turned to follow her movements. Then—

"Here," called Nellie sharply, "where you going with him!"

"If you don't want him perhaps his father will. Boys need fathers."

Nellie's face, white as the snowy sheet a moment before, was suddenly suffused with red.

"You come back here with that baby!" she cried shrilly. "That's my baby!"

Miss Harvey turned and appeared to hesitate.

"But you can't so easily be a modern mother to a boy, Nellie! I should think you would be glad to share the burden with—what did you say his father's name was?"

"I didn't say," said Nellie wearily, lashes suddenly sweeping her cheek. "But it's—it's Nat McCullough and he drives a truck for the Dorey Express Company."

Then, as if to herself, she added softly:

"I hadn't oughta—I oughta keep my resolution; but with a boy—well, that's different."

When Nat arrived, not so very long after that, he left a priest outside the door of Nellie's room. Outwardly, his general appearance betokened a gala occasion, but his eyes and mouth were beyond his control. As he entered the room, Nellie's face in its frame of bright disordered hair, looked up at him, the old impudence in her eyes, the old gay twist to her red lips.

"H-lo, Nat!" she said.

The man swallowed hard, fingering his hat in clumsy confusion. Then he dropped on his knees beside the bed.

"Oh, Nellie! Nellie, girl!" he sobbed. "Why didn't you tell me! I been looking for you—longing for you. Oh, Nellie, how could you?"

Nellie laid a white, impulsive little hand on his rough, red hair.

"Baby fever," she explained softly. "It's catching and I wasn't vaccinated."

♦♦♦

Spargo's "Bolshevism"

By Alma Meyer

JOHN SPARGO writes no brief for Bolshevism. To him it is anathema, as hateful as is brandy to a Prohibitionist, yet he concludes his long, heavy, and, it must be admitted, tiresome consideration of this power with an appeal in its behalf. "Bolshevism must be overcome at all costs, not by attempting to drown it in blood but by courageously and consistently setting ourselves to the task of removing the social oppression, the poverty and the servitude which produce the desperation of soul that drives men to Bolshevism. The remedy for Bolshevism is a sane and far-reaching program of constructive social democracy." Those who have read his "Bolshevism" (Harper & Brothers, New York) through, also those whose good will and desire for information persevered only through a perusal of isolated pages, know that by a "sane and far-reaching program of constructive social democracy" Spargo means Marxian Socialism.

There are some fifteen or forty-seven specific brands of socialism known to Spargo—well known—and he endeavors to acquaint his readers with the differences in their respective tenets, aims, methods, achievements, errors, etc. Practically all of these have representation in Russia, but, despite Mr. Spargo's minutiae of detail, it is as difficult for the ordinary reader—that is one who has not made a special study of social economics—to get them sorted out and their works separated as it is to differentiate the acts of the members of the interlocking directorates of the North American subsidiary companies. But one thing is clear: all the good in Bolshevism is derived from Socialism; Bolshevism is bad only in so far as it deviates from simon-pure Marxianism. However, the Bolsheviks have strayed far, and are to be correspondingly condemned. He charges them with having been "consistently loyal to no aim save one—the control of power," and says there is not a single socialistic or democratic principle which they have not abandoned when it served their end. Yet he says distinctly that "Bolshevism is not anarchism; it is strongly opposed to anarchism, in that it requires a centralized government, which anarchism abhors."

Mr. Spargo is, above all things, thorough and fair. He never lets prejudice or dislike make him unjust. Lenin and Trotsky constitute his especial aversion;

he abhors their doctrines and condemns their methods; yet he denies that they were ever traitors to Russia or to the Allies, and that Kerensky—evidently Spargo's idol—had he still been in power, could have made better terms with Germany. Lenin he calls an astute thinker and says he certainly understood that the German government was not disinterested in offering him safe and rapid transit from Switzerland to Russia. The fact that the Allies would suffer and the Germans gain a little was of no moment compared to the gain for Russia. Allied gain or German gain—all was equal * * * "the important thing was to lead the revolution into a new phase, in which he believed with fanatical thoroughness * * * He knew that he was being used by Germany, but he thought that he in turn was using Germany; he was confident that he could outplay the German statesmen and military leaders." Which is exactly what the editor of REEDY'S MIRROR wrote at the time, while the American dailies were filled with lurid and fantastic tales based upon the since discredited Sisson documents.

Trotsky, or Bronstein, is a Jew—not a German. His father was a wealthy Moscow merchant. To live under an assumed name has always been a common practice among Russian revolutionists—for good and cogent reasons. (Nikolai Lenin's name was originally Vladimir Ulyanov.) Spargo sums him up as "a persistent, courageous, exceedingly able fighter for an idea believed in with fanatical devotion. Lenin once called him 'a man who blinds himself with revolutionary phrases,' which is an apt description; he accepts phrases as though they were realities."

Referring to the accusation that Lenin and Trotsky were the tools of Germany, that the Bolsheviks deserted the Allied cause, Spargo has this to say: "They had to make peace and make it quickly. Kerensky, had he been permitted to hold on, would equally have had to make a separate peace and make it quickly. Only one thing could have delayed that for long—the arrival of an adequate force of Allied troops on the Russian front to stiffen the morale and to take the burden of fighting off the Russians. Of that there was no sign and no promise of likelihood. If the Bolsheviks appear in the light of traitors to the Allies, it should be remembered that pressure of circumstances would have forced even such a loyal friend of the Allies as Kerensky proved himself to be to make a separate peace practically on Germany's terms in a little while. It was not a matter of months, but of weeks at most—probably of days. Russia had to have peace. The nation was war-weary and exhausted. The Allies had not understood the situation—indeed they have never understood Russia even to this day—and had bungled right along. What made it possible for the Bolsheviks so easily to assert their rule was the fact that they had promised immediate peace and the great mass of Russian workers wanted immediate peace above everything else. . . . The Bolshevik leaders should have strenuously denied wanting to make a separate peace. There is very little reason for doubting that they were sincere in this, in the sense that what they wanted was a *general* peace, if that could possibly be obtained. That is quite different from wanting a separate peace from the first. . . . On December 14 the armistice was signed at Brest-Litovsk, to last for twenty-eight days. On December 5 the Bolsheviks had published the terms on which they desired to effect the armistice. These terms, which the Germans scornfully rejected, provided that the German forces which had been occupied on the Russian front should not be sent to other fronts to fight against the Allies. . . . And in the armistice as it was finally signed at Brest-Litovsk there was a clause providing that there should be no transfer of troops by either side for the purpose of military operations during the armistice, 'from the front between the Baltic and Black seas.' If these provisos could have been enforced, what an aid quiescent Russia would have been to the Allies!"

Judging Lenin and Trotsky solely from the pre-

sentiment of their official deeds as made by Spargo, they are primarily internationalists, not Russians. But Spargo cannot see this. As these two leaders are to him synonymous with Bolshevism, the same may be said of the Bolsheviks; Spargo seems to have a hazy inkling of this.

Spargo makes plain that Bolshevism is government by the proletariat, the propertyless. If a man have property or employ another he may not vote! Untrained, suddenly come to power, with the best of intentions, through ignorance and helplessness, they have, at times, in sheer desperation, adopted the cruel methods of their former oppressors. The Red Guard took the place of the Black Hundreds, but again Spargo's sense of fairness prompts him to say that it is highly improbable that Lenin and Trotzky ever entered into any agreement with the latter. The Czar had dissolved the Duma; the Bolsheviks, or Lenin and Trotzky, suppressed the constituent assembly or any refractory soviets—Spargo says because they thought the end would justify the means. Spargo is surely no friend of the Bolsheviks, but all charges against them he adduces from their own governmental records, and while they are bad enough they are *not* of the sort and the volume the newspapers have led the American public to believe.

Studying the Bolshevik program of government, it is not found different in essentials—save in the enormous one of all power to the propertyless proletariat—from the other Russian revolutionary programs. Amnesty for political offenders, religious freedom, liberty of speech and of the press, equality of all citizens before the law—meaning the abolition of all social, religious and racial restrictions and the repeal of all laws against the Jews, Finns and Poles—freedom of assemblage, right of labor organizations to exist and to conduct strikes, reform of judicial procedure in courts, abolition of the death penalty, revision of army discipline and army government, state aid for peasants suffering from crop failure, and other agrarian reforms, confiscation of the crown and church lands and their division among the peasantry—isn't it a creditable program? How entirely creditable can only be grasped through a knowledge of from what depths these peasants rose to such heights. It was not achieved during the war, nor by this generation. It is the result of centuries of struggle, of untold suffering in political prisons, of the sacrifice of millions of young lives in hopeless revolutions. Fully a half of Spargo's book is devoted to building up in the reader's mind this foundation, for without it, he rightly says, it is impossible to judge Russia. The Russian people fought in this war on the side of the Allies because they felt that their evil laws, the Czar's oppressive measures, originated with the Germans at the Russian court. To overthrow Germany was to liberate themselves. Naturally, united in nothing else but hatred and fear of the government, they were not unanimous in this. The Socialists issued a manifesto calling attention to the hypocrisy of the Czar in proclaiming war on Serbia while martyring Poland, Finland and the Jews, and stating that "this war is provoked by the policy of expansion, for which the ruling classes of all countries are responsible." The *Porazhentsi*, or defeatists, believed that Russia's defeat was the quickest way to bring about the overthrow of the czarist government and therefore plotted to weaken the morale of the Russian army. They conspired to disorganize the hospital system, the transportation system, the food supply, the manufacture of munitions; they fanned the memory of the huge system of graft that caused Russia's defeat in the Russo-Japanese war. The measure of their success may be judged by the fact that it was possible to get butter within an hour of Moscow at twenty-five cents a pound while in Moscow it was \$2.50. The civil population in the hamlets and towns formed Unions of Zemstvos and Unions of Cities to counteract this. They established hospitals, ambulance stations, munition factories, all the time oppressed and hindered by the bureaucracy, then under Protopopov. Spargo charges that this latter deliberately contrived the second revolution of 1917, in order to

bring about a separate peace, so that the Russian autocracy might live. And then came the overthrow of the czarist government—and confusion. Had the Allies, or any one of the Allied governments, extended Russia the friendly hand for which she begged, Russia would have been saved her present chaos and would have continued in the war. At least so Spargo says, but from other things he says I am inclined to think Russia was tired of fighting and was ready to love all her enemies. But, be that as it may, the opportunity is passed and Russia is now "on her own."

Spargo's "Bolshevism" is valuable for many reasons—the author's fairness, his thoroughness, his absolute grasp of his subject. Its appeal to the general reader is lessened by its technicality and reiteration. In the end it is not so much an exposition of the tenets of Bolshevism as a political history of Russia—the application of the dogmas of the various factions of the Socialist party.



Chopin

By Amy Lowell

(From a book of poems to be issued in September.)

THE cat and I
Together in the sultry night
Waited.
He greatly desired a mouse;
I, an idea.
Neither ambition was gratified.
So we watched
In a stiff and painful expectation.
Little breezes pattered among the trees,
And thin stars ticked at us
Faintly,
Exhausted pulses
Squeezing through mist.

Those others, I said!
And my mind rang hollow as I tapped it.
Winky, I said,
Do all other cats catch their mice?

It was low and long,
Ivory white, with doors and windows blotting blue
upon it.
Wind choked in pomegranate-trees,
Rain rattled on lead roofs,
And stuttered along twisted conduit-pipes.
An eagle screamed out of the heavy sky
And some one in the house screamed
"Ah, I knew that you were dead!"

So that was it:
Funeral chants,
And the icy cowl of buried monks;
Organs on iron midnights,
And long wax winding sheets
Guttered from altar candles.

First this,
Then spitting blood.
Music quenched in blood,
Flights of arpeggios confused by blood,
Flute-showers of notes stung and arrested on a
sharp chord,
Tangled in a web of blood.
"I cannot send you the manuscripts, as they are not
yet finished.
I have been ill as a dog.
My illness has had a pernicious effect on the Preludes
Which you will receive God knows when."

He bore it.
Therefore, Winky, drink some milk
And leave the mouse until tomorrow.
There are no blood-colored pomegranate flowers
Hurling their petals in at the open window,
But you can sit in my lap
And blink at a bunch of cinnamon-eyed coreopsis
While I pull your ears
In the manner which you find so infinitely agreeable.

The Undying Fire

By Otto Heller

FOR Mr. H. G. Wells, "The Undying Fire," a contemporary novel, is a flamboyant misnomer. As a piece of fiction, the work, by its perpetual detailed coincidence with the Old Testament tale about the man of Uz, forfeits all claim to serious consideration. Whatever of merit it may possess as a story, it owes to the indestructible vitality of the old Hebrew legend; none of it comes from the author's independent contributions. The scheme is irritatingly transparent. If even the fanatical honesty of a Gerhart Hauptmann could not save "A Fool In Christ" from occasional triviality and pervasive monotony, the parodistic method in Mr. Wells' sophisticated handling operates without hindrance against the narrator's artistic sincerity. By his ironical aloofness Mr. Wells himself seems to deflect purposely the reader's attention from the meager and hopelessly uninteresting narrative. Worse than that, even the intrinsic dignity of the tale is impaired by the endless and pointless parallelism of the events. In the denomination of the characters—*Job Huss*; *Sir Eliphaz Burrows*, patentee of the Temanite building blocks; *William Dad*, manufacturer of the Dad and Shoochite car de luxe; *Joseph Farr*, teacher of "science;" *Dr. Elihu Barrack*, medical practitioner—one of the pre-eminent men of letters of the age, condescends to cheap and tawdry punstery. The truth of the matter is, Mr. Wells has excused himself in this work from several important literary obligations; by consequence of which fact "The Undying Fire," far from being a contemporary novel, is in reality no novel at all, but merely the convenient *mise-en-scene* for Mr. Wells' latest appearance as a revivalist. But—and here we gladly put the full stop to fault-finding—the sermon burns so brightly with the undying fire of the preacher's eloquent enthusiasm for social melioration that by the reflection of its glow even the feeblest of Mr. Wells' stories shines with a distinguishing brilliancy among the recent contributions to fiction.



The dedication of the book "to all schoolmasters and schoolmistresses and every teacher in the world" is an unmistakable index of its being an educational tract. As a spiritual document, however, it makes its appeal over the head of the helpless official pedagogue to the world at large. It is a challenge to the victory-drunken *demos*, flung in the name of the sporadic believers in true aristocracy—a cogent assertion of their invincible belief that no structural social goodness can be reared otherwise than on a foundation of bestness. Yet from an anti-democratic tendency the homily is safeguarded by a modernly inspired, though far from novel, emphasis on the power of reasoning as a true criterion of aristocracy.



"The Undying Fire" (the Macmillan Company, New York) embodies the reaction of a thoughtful but temperamental, a bit overimaginative and even slightly sensational idealist to the loudest demand of the living hour. The reference is to the author himself, rather than to his hero. While the British lion and the "old tiger" and sundry similar insatiates are appeasing their lusty appetites at the peace table, Mr. Wells raises his voice against a return to the wretchedly limited nationalisms that were primarily responsible for the Five Year's War.

The lust for prepotence that threw the world into the greatest cataclysm known to history, and even at this moment threatens our laboriously achieved civilization with an irreparable self-reversal, was impelled not so much by concerted wickedness as by stupidity and unenlightenment. Against an obdurate persistence in the sinister old ways, with the roles shifted but the scene set for a repetition of the tragedy, a wide-horizoned cosmopolitan issues a stentorian warning.

Throughout the brainstorm loosed by the war Mr. Wells has contrived to keep his mental balance true, and from the war's beginning to its end has never repudiated the duty of superior intelligence to contribute to the sanitation of a demented world something more curative than acrimonious and fantastic incrimination. His diagnostic penetration to the seat of hostile motives renders Mr. Wells a more credible as well as less pessimistic expositor of the German folk-soul than are the indignant and a bit eccentric patriots of Mr. Vernon Kellogg's, or Capt. Louis Graves', or, for the matter of that, Mr. Rudyard Kipling's slighter intellectual stamp, persons whose single-track, narrow-gauge logic would have implied the extermination of the "Teutonic" peoples as the most completely reasonable war aim. Mr. Wells is too fine in the grain to palliate for a moment any of the atrocious practices by which militaristic Germany indelibly stained the fair name of the race; yet he is clear-headed enough to remind his countrymen, casually, of their own occasional resort to "Hunnish" practices in warfare: "There is a kind of crazy belief that killing, however cruel, has a kind of justification in the survival of the fittest; we make that our excuse, for instance, for the destruction of the native Tasmanians who were shot whenever they were seen, and killed by poisoned meats left in their paths." The technical divagations characteristic of Mr. Wells' fiction are in the present case devoted chiefly to the subjects of poison gas and the submarine. But eschewing any parade of specific information, he probes conscientiously for the occult relation between the vile purpose of such inventions and ordinary human motives. "They do not do it out of a complete and organized impulse to evil. If you took the series of researches and inventions that led at last to this use of poison gas, you would find they were the work of a multitude of mainly amiable, fairly virtuous, and kindly meaning men. The military use of poison gas ought to appear even to the lowest barbarian conscience as unpardonably criminal. And yet we know that in their diabolic devices the enemy was destined to be outdone, had the scientific internecine competition not come to a timely stop. Newspapers still boast about an American poison gas infinitely more potent and deadly than the German article, and one eminent editorial war-lord declares that but for the armistice the entire civilian population of the unfortified city of Berlin could have been wiped out of existence in less than five minutes!" And yet these horrible applications represent only the synthetic results of scientific labor expended for wholly unrepensible purposes. So that Mr. Wells feels justified in extolling the intelligence and devotion that have gone to such an enterprise as the offensive use of poison gas when balanced against the meagerness of the intelligence that made the war and against the absolute inability of the good forces in life to arrest it and end it.

In a like desire for profounder understanding Mr. Wells searches for the responsibility of normal human character, resulting from normal education, for the ordered cruelties perpetrated by the Germans. He evokes the picture of an average U-boat sailor—"some poor German boy with an ordinary sort of intelligence, an ordinary disposition to kindness, and some gallantry." He demonstrates the lad's gradual perversion, by the educative processes, to the common type of patriotism and shows him growing up a mental cripple. "When the war breaks out this youngster sees himself as a hero, fighting for his half-divine Kaiser, for dear Germany, against the cold and evil barbarians who resist and would destroy her. His mind has been made for him. That is, or was, the secret at the core of the 'German peril'." The German peril need scare nobody any more. But what if, with Mr. Wells, we reflect that that is the sort of mind that has been made and is being made in boys all over the world? . . . Outspokenly the author of "The Undying Fire" blames the war on the lack of a common plan in the world—the regardlessness of human institutions

for any inclusive affair of humanity. In his judgment, these things have happened because of a radical defect in the education of men: specifically, because their technical education has been better than their historical and social education.

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In his bill of particulars he dwells at the fullest length with the current *ex parte* presentation and interpretation of history in the schools. The charge is only too well founded, and the worst aspect of the situation is that the years of horror through which we have struggled out—at least let us hope it—to less devastating methods of national rivalry, have failed to convert the mass of men to a permanent interest in the preservation of peace. With peace treaty and League of Nations safely underwritten, whither are we setting our sails on an ocean of trouble? Or, to modernize the nautical simile in Mr. Wells' phrase, Is there any one of us who is not in some fashion aboard a submarine, doing evil and driving towards an evil end?

For the ills and wrongs of a world morally so badly out of gear Mr. Wells submits as the only possible cure the substitution of genuine education in lieu of the spurious. His ideal schoolmaster defines true education as the lifting of minds out of blind alleys. "Everyone is in a blind alley until we pierce a road." The essential secret of Woldingstanton, the school over which *Job Huss* presides, is, in the estimate of an alumnus effectively imbued with the spirit of the school, "that it puts you on the high road that goes on." Are the captains of our educational industry as much as rightly pointing out that road, let alone putting the growing generation on it? Are not, on the contrary, our adolescents led through the misdirection of fragmentary educational "progress" into a lot of separate *culs-de-sac*? The "humanities"—suggestively so named by a significant consensus of usage—are laid out by the scholastic *entrepreneur* for the last farewell. They are being fast replaced in the curriculum of studies that promise a quicker return in revenue or "uplift." This widespread educational prepossession in favor of the practical helps to explain why the world listens eagerly to so much incoherent talk about "reconstruction" yet averts its heed from the guidance of fundamental ideas. If with Mr. Wells we acknowledged the *alleinseligmachende* power of the school we should not be conniving in the debasement of the institution to grosser uses. "This is a world where folly and hate can bawl sanity out of hearing. How can you hope to change it by anything but teaching?" Accordingly, the most important agent in the era of reconstruction must be the teacher. Our crass insensibility to the logical force of the conclusion would be inexplicable but for the prevailing general ignorance of what true teaching means.

"All the misery comes from insufficient education." To make the world a decent place to live in it is only needful that by the torch of education each mind receives the utmost enlightenment of which it is capable instead of its being darkened and overcast by ignorance and prejudice. The better world which schoolmasters might bring about by their labor—against defeat and sometimes against hope—is the world in which aim is to be substituted for aimlessness. "In this present world men live to be themselves * * * in the world that we are seeking to make they will give themselves to the God of Mankind, and so they will live indeed." The practical result will be that men "will as a matter of course change their institutions and their methods so that all men may be used to the best effect, in the common work of mankind." The cosmopolitan millennium will then be at hand: "They will take this little planet which has been torn into shreds of possession, and make it again one garden."

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The center of gravity in Mr. Wells' latest encyclical lies visibly in its educational bearings. The theological aspect, to-wit, the author's discursive revelation of his latest variety of God, is at best

adventitious. Mr. *Job Huss* calls the undying fire in his heart God, because this spirit of humanitarian culture on whose triumph in the last reckoning the salvation of the world depends, is more like a person than a thing. This is as far as the Wellsian theodicy goes forward in the manifesto—the rest is silence, or a gabfest of theologians. To Mr. Wells, at any rate, the substantiality of God is of no philosophic relevancy; *Gefuehl ist alles*, but mark well, feeling wedded to reason. What matters is that Religion and Education be integrated into an organic union; perhaps in order that men's faith in men may become as perfect as their faith in God.

Mr. Wells' latest pontifical bulletin regarding the nature of God may, thus, be inconsistent with his own earlier promulgations. In any case, it does not flow from a distinctly original concept of the deity. Nevertheless, it is at least in one aspect highly engaging, both ethically and intellectually.

In "The Undying Fire," as in its Hebrew prototype, we are brought face to face with the ancient crux of faith, the problem of evil, handled here as there in a tolerant stoical fashion, with a reasoned ascription of auxiliary cosmic offices to the Father of Evil. The Adversary functions as a necessary accessory to God already in that "his incalculable quality is an indispensable relief to the acquiescence of the Archangels." But he also performs a positive and indispensable service. This is illustrated in the prologue by a game of chess, played on an all-encompassing scale, in which God and the devil are the opponents. The conduct of the game supplies Mr. Wells with an ingenious analogon for the movement of history. It cannot be an ordinary game of chess, "for God, being the ruler of the universe, creates the board, the pieces, and the rules; he makes all the moves; he may make as many moves as he likes, wherever he likes. His antagonist is, however, permitted to introduce a slight inexplicable inaccuracy into each move, which necessitates further moves in correction. Apparently the Adversary cannot win, but also he cannot lose so long as he can keep the game going. But he is concerned, it would seem, in preventing the development of any reasoned scheme in the game."

In the wager with God that turns on the constancy of Job's character, Satan is foredoomed to be the loser because his constitutive inability to perceive the eternal spark in the soul of man prevents him from making a true diagnosis. Apparently Satan, with his scientific acumen and utter lack of the higher understanding, is a product, or by-product, of up-to-date education. No wonder that, in his judgment, man, with the exclusive heritage of Reason, as the crown of creation has proved himself a total failure. If H. S. M. had his way, he would just put an end to man and his story and start a new chapter, one more amusing. For example—pondering, it would seem, a suggestion of his intimate friend and disciple George Bernard Shaw—why not put brains and soul into the ants or the bees or the beavers? (Mr. Shaw, by the way, had offered certain less exemplary and much more unpopular members of the animal kingdom for that experiment in reconstructive surgery.)

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If Mr. Wells should see fit to drop in future editions the misleading designation of his latest volume, as "a contemporary novel," "The Undying Fire" might easily qualify as one of the most impressive sermons ever preached by cleric or layman. To have exploited to such undeniable effect the old biblical conceit of a wager between God and the devil that has for its object the soul of man—the same theme Goethe used for the prologue of his profoundest and most comprehensive poetic creation—is in itself a notable achievement. That a hackneyed and carelessly revamped old story has been made by Mr. Wells into a vehicle conveying to our precarious time the greatest lesson of which it stands in need, will be better appreciated one of these days when, with arms laid down in real earnest, the nations of earth shall approach in good faith a common basis of peaceable co-operative living.

Letters From the People

Mr. Read "Explains"

St. Louis, July 31, 1919.

Dear Reedy:

After a long life of sobriety, probity and rectitude, a considerable part of which has been spent reading the MIRROR, I find my innocence has been trampled in the dust, my reputation forever blasted, my hopes of social distinction crushed, in your issue of July 24.

I would not object to the use of my picture in advertisements for patent medicines, toilet soap, blue jay corn plasters, or perfumery, but when it comes to polygamy—well, this was the ad:



Correspondent Wanted

Widower, 50, modest means, would correspond with respectable, refined widow or maiden lady of some means. Object, marriage and citrus home here. Box 208, Fowler, Calif.

Now, if the correspondence were addressed to me so that I could temporarily discard REEDY'S MIRROR, the *New Republic* and the *Post-Dispatch* for lit-

erature a trifle more erotic, I would not complain, but the gentleman from Fowler, Calif., is the beneficiary of the entire proceeding. I have had to content myself with seeing the advertisement posted on the bulletin board of the City Club, and explaining to former friends why I should not be dropped from the club on the grounds of an attempt at bigamy.

I know that politicians have to expect a good deal of abuse and misrepresentation, but it looks very much to me as if "citrus home" has reference to somebody having a lemon handed to him. Of course, I suppose that "Box 208" requested you to use the handsomest photograph on file among your advertising cuts, and I ought to appreciate this tribute to my personal beauty. But there was Mr. Glancy of the Marquette, whose picture appeared in the same column, and I submit that he looks more like a widower of 50 than I do, and presents a fine picture of his own home besides.

This Fowler, of "Box 208," is going to get all there is in this thing, except the blame and I am to get that. Eighty-three marked copies of REEDY'S MIRROR have been sent to my wife.

Besides that, my picture was orig-

inally intended to advertise "The Abolition of Inheritance," and you have apparently used it as a sort of feeler to accomplish the opposite purpose.

I supposed that I had reached the limit of shame eight years ago when a Denver paper mixed up the heading of Lillian Russell's syndicate article and mine and had me giving its readers advice on how to develop the bust and become attractive to the men, but you have drawn me close to the chill atmosphere of the penitentiary and given my friend, "Box 208," all the advantages to be derived.

I insist that at least after the well meaning widower has examined the correspondence I am entitled to get it and look it over.

Very cordially yours,

HARLAN E. READ.

[My apologies to the author of "The Abolition of Inheritance," "Salesmanship" and "The Educational Revolution." My printer did it. He was told to "dress up the ad" and "he saw his duty, a dead sure thing and went for it there and then." He liked the picture that appeared in the advertisement of Mr. Read's book, "The Abolition of Inheritance" and lifted it and used it. The printer knows a good looking man when he sees him. And he made a pretty "ad." It was so pretty that I hadn't the heart to change it when it came along in proof.

If the advertisement has the drawing power Mr. Read describes in his cheerful letter of protest, what must it be doing for "Fowler" of "Box 208"? If the ladies to whom the "ad" is addressed are not allured by the "citrus home," surely the portrait will get them. "Mr.



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Advance Showing of Women's and Misses'

"Wooltex" Coats

\$35, \$45, \$57.50 and Up

There Is a Reason for Buying Your Winter Coat Now!

The prices of Coats are advancing—later in the Season we will not be able to purchase or to offer you these values at such reasonable prices. The make—Wooltex—it is one well known for the excellent tailoring and materials used. Many charming and useful models are shown.

One model is of the smart Polo cloth; the collar and cuffs are large and it is belted with a narrow belt at the waist line; the colors blue, brown and taupe, and they are selling for **\$35**

Another Coat which is extremely serviceable is of mixture cloth, made on the loose, flaring lines with kimono sleeves, stunning button effects on the side and the two-button vogue collar. The price is **\$45**

Tinsel tone is introduced in this flaring model in taupe and brown; the back is attractively corded and the buttoned lap on the side gives it a distinctive look; the pockets and collar are large. It is priced at **\$57.50**



Other beautiful models are made of tinsel cord, silver tip Bolivia and peach bloom; the styles are of the latest and most becoming for late Fall and Winter; many are trimmed in rich fur collars and cuffs. The prices range from

\$85 to \$215

Scruggs-Vandervoort-Barney

Coat Shop—Third Floor

Fowler's" mail must be so enormous that Burleson will have to investigate him. "Mr. Fowler" has not filed any complaint about the cut as yet. He is probably out training to live up to it.

But again I apologize to Mr. Read. And I offer my services as arbitrator to him and to "Fowler, Box 208." But who's to pay for that ad? Mr. Read admittedly got good publicity out of it. So must "Fowler, Box 208." W. M. R.]

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A Plea For Hindu Patriots

San Diego, Calif., July 29, 1919,

Dear Mr. Reedy:

Since 1901 I have been a subscriber to the MIRROR—with the exception of a short time abroad. And all this while I have sat at your feet, absorbing your teaching. It has been a liberal education in all lines of thinking. Permit me to remark that you need not be ashamed of your pupil. And doesn't it give me a claim to your consideration? I want you to take up a cause, and one that is entirely within your sympathy.

It is not necessary for me to go into detail concerning British rule in India. And you must know all about the movement now under way to deport those Hindus who have served sentences for violation of our neutrality laws.

I am of the ninth generation of American-born ancestors. My people on both sides fought against the English in the Revolution. I am a direct descendant of men who were killed in battle. My people have fought in every war against the English; the Mexican and the Civil War likewise. *I am an American.*

I am personally acquainted with three of the Hindus marked for deportation—Bhagwan Singh, Sanktok Singh and Gobind Behari Lal. They are neither anarchists nor Bolsheviks. They have never manifested any opposition to our Government. If there was infraction of our neutrality laws they have been punished—justly or otherwise. Also I am acquainted with some of the "Home Rulers" in New York. Among them the scholarly Lajpat Rai, an exile from his native land.

There is something in races and people that resents the imposition and injustice of other races of people. It is called Patriotism. And it breeds revolutions. If patriotism is a crime, these men are undoubtedly guilty. Otherwise they are men of splendid character. Weaklings are not patriots. They love India as I love America. They would free their country from the same tyrannous rule against which my ancestors fought in the Revolution. Can any American condemn them for that?

Having paid the penalty for this alleged violation of our laws, shall these men now, at the behest of the British, be delivered by deportation to the British in order that they can carry out their wicked, vindictive policy of extermination? Deportation condemns these men to a disgraceful death as traitors to British rule in India.

It is true: Carnegie Ross, British Consul in San Francisco, is now and has been perniciously active in affairs of our Government. He has not stopped with the persecutions of Hindus. He

has instigated the persecution of American citizens. I testify to his unwarranted officious acts.

My loyalty to my own country has never been questioned, but I was known as a friend of the Hindus. I have long been interested in Hindu philosophies. My utmost sympathy is with the suffering people of India. Because of this, at the instigation of Carnegie Ross—British Consul—a warrant was procured, and, in violation of the terms of that warrant, his minions of the secret service—known to be in his employ—in my absence, searched my apartment and carried away my property; notwithstanding the terms of that warrant explicitly stated that they were permitted to search for and take possession of "any letters from any of the defendants."

They found no such letters. I had never had such letters from any of the

defendants. Yet, they thoroughly ransacked my apartment and took whatever they saw fit, without regard to its relation to the case. Among a mass of stuff so taken were letters from my own family and friends. Of books—three volumes of Laurence Hope's poems, "Indian Love Lyrics," "The Voice of the Silence," "Little Book of Prayer," Bryan's "British Rule In India," all these, as you will observe, a direct violation of neutrality, seditious and otherwise criminal literature. They took pictures of people long since dead—for example a picture of Vivekananda, which was in a frame upon the wall; and a picture of my father in the uniform of a U. S. soldier in the Civil War. Copies of the San Francisco Call, containing "feature" articles written before war was thought of, were carried away.

A person, said to be a detective in the employ of Carnegie Ross, who assisted the U. S. marshal, found upon my cape, hanging in a closet, a small silver pin upon which was engraved the apparently cabalistic number 312, which happened to be the number of Silver Star Lodge, Knights of Pythias, in Los Angeles. This looked suspicious to this Philo Grubb person and he insisted on taking it away with the other loot, although he was informed by a friend of mine who was present that it was merely a souvenir, given me by a lieutenant with the American Army in France. The pin was never returned to me. I made several demands for it. Manuscript and other papers were taken away that had no more bearing on political matters than the Bible. San Francisco papers, in referring to this, printed the statement that the search



The 11th August Sale of Furs

FURS, so exquisite when fashioned into a Wrap, so smart when made into a small neckpiece, so luxurious for motoring, so distinctive for street wear—the fashionably gowned woman this season looks upon Furs not as a luxury but as a necessity!

The August Sale—lasting through the entire month—offers to the women who appreciate the value of owning Furs, an opportunity to buy at a remarkable saving. The fine varieties the Fur Department is showing are marked at minimum prices. During the next weeks of the sale you should take advantage of these prices and make your selections. The excellent workmanship and careful choice of pelts have won for us leadership in fine Furs.

Our charge customers may have their Furs billed the month they are taken from storage. Our customers without charge accounts may arrange payments after making a deposit. All Furs purchased in the August Sale will be stored without charge.

(Third Floor)

STIX, BAER & FULLER

was instigated by Carnegie Ross, the British Consul, and carried out by men in his employ. Furthermore, many arrests were expected resulting from evidence so secured.

Reflect: Where would De Valera be today if he were as friendless as these Hindus? There are too many loyal Irishmen in the United States to make it safe for the men who would try it. Where would our Republic be today if British influence could have induced France to give into their unholy, blood-stained hands the American Patriots—or if they could have seized "the

Signers" or George Washington, for they were all inciters of revolution against England.

So long as these Hindus obey the laws of our land they are entitled to sanctuary here. Otherwise, what becomes of our proud boast that "America is a haven for the oppressed of all nations"? To give these men to the British by deportation condemns them to certain death—for they are "traitors to British rule in India"—the most abominable tyranny of modern times, not even excepting Russia under the czar. Even now India is under martial law.

This is an individual protest. I am not connected with any "leagues of defense" of anything. I am an American citizen. I live in California. My American blood boils at such outrage of American principles at British dictation. America should let Great Britain paw her own hot chestnuts from the fire. Do away with it.

I hope you can be moved to turn your battery of words on this monstrous injustice. It is an outrage against humanity. Very sincerely,

AMY DUDLEY,
P. O. Box 497.

The Present Discontents

(Continued from page 525.)

ethically wrong. We cannot doom Europe to starvation. We can enforce the laws against profiteering. They are on the books.

We can force the release of foodstuffs held in storage. We can break up the corner on hides and leather. We can step in and take charge of the packing industry with its incredibly ramifying machinery for the control of nearly a thousand articles of food and clothing and minor utilities and give the supplies to the people, if not at cost, at least at less profit than is now exacted by the members of that iniquitous combination. The diabolical nature of this monopoly has been exposed to the public by the Federal Trade Board, and it would have been more exposed but for the power of the packers to put the soft pedal on that kind of news by their expenditures in advertising in the more widely circulated newspapers and periodicals. The Government can do this, and do it in short order. It will help, and help quickly. For if the Government goes after these big fellows it will scare off the smaller profiteers—not the least guilty, either—who boost prices on the plea that the big fellows boost prices to them.

A general policy of governmental price fixing has been suggested, but that is an experiment distinctly dangerous. It cannot be carried out—at least not hurriedly—without causing enormous dislocation in general business. There must be some play given for the law of supply and demand, and beyond question, mauger profiteering and everything else, an important element in the present situation is that supply is deficient and demand universal and insistent. We can tax the profiteers heavily, but they can pass it on. That would tend to increase the cost of living. But no one doubts that the combine for food control can be broken the day the government makes up its mind to act to that end. The Kenyon-Anderson bill, for the drastic supervision and regulation of the packers should be passed at once. The only direct, immediate and prospectively effective way of attack upon the high cost of living is on the packers' combine.

Government ownership of railroads is proposed as a cure. This, again, will be too long in coming. The labor bill for government ownership is a measure of profound significance. The fundamental features thereof, as outlined by its author, Mr. Glenn A. Plumb, are represented in this issue of REEDY'S MIRROR, and the article should be most carefully read. The proposals, carefully thought out, seem to meet every possible objection of the defenders of private ownership. But government ownership is not as popular as it was. What we have seen and know of it, as limitedly and poorly applied, has not made friends for it. Indeed, many government ownership people have been made to recant their faith by their experience with it, as to the wires and the railroads. But here again we are met by the fact that government ownership of railroads cannot come in less than two years. More-

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Brings the Most Luxurious Fur Coats, Coatees, Sets and Individual Garments—Values Impossible to Duplicate Later.

Present indications are that demand is going to outstrip supply to such an astonishing extent that the wise thing to do is to **buy Furs NOW.**

Luckily we realized this months ago, and, mindful of your interests, purchased Furs for this sale then. To go into the market now and duplicate those purchases at the same prices would be absolutely impossible. They would cost more—much more. And if we had not bought early, they would cost you more now.


The Furs are of a quality and beauty that will meet your expectations. Careful and skillful hands blended the pelts and talented designers modeled them.

Furs purchased by charge customers will be entered on October statements, and will be stored free of cost in our cold storage vaults for delivery October 1st or later. You may select furs now and deposit 20% of the cost, the balance to be paid October 1st.

Third Floor

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over the railroads are losing \$600,000,000 a year and why add more to the deficit? The deficit must grow if there are to be no increases in rates and if there are to be increases in rates that means more cost of living. The Railroad Brotherhoods demand more pay. Their pay has been several times increased since their first "stick-up" in 1916. Those increases are blamed for the enormous losses in railroad operation. The Brotherhoods themselves know that increased pay won't solve the present problem unless there is decrease in living cost. They plainly tell the President that they prefer the latter. They tell him, however, that they can't and won't wait upon investigation and legislation dealing with the situation. It is significant that the leaders do not deny that they cannot control their followers. Organized labor on the railroads is desperate and cannot longer be kept in hand. They demand redress of grievances or a strike. Their grievances can only be redressed at the expense of their brethren. If they strike, the distress of the country will be intensified. There will be no work and no pay for anyone, and the cost of living won't come down a bit and the situation may develop into disorder hardly distinguishable from that revolution which everybody dreads.

Frankly I do not see in any of the relief proposals bruited in congress or in the press anything that will get the desired results in a short time. The government, as I write, has not presented any definite plan. It may have one, but I can't imagine where it can have got it, for, so far as I am aware, the government has been doing nothing since April, 1917, or even since November, 1918, to prepare for this contingency which every thoughtful person, not on the government payroll, has anticipated for a long time. The labor and living situation has been left to take care of itself and the only thing the President has said about it were some winsome words about admitting labor to a fuller participation in the profits and in the direction of industry—all this to come, possibly, at the Greek Kalends. Maybe some placebo for the occasion can be improvised. I hope so, but it does seem that the President has waked up to his duty a long time after everybody else saw it.

We must not have a strike. That goes without saying. It would be charged with social dynamite. Tying up the railroads would tie up everything and in enforced idleness there would be the germ of something very like that violent Bolshevism that seems to menace us. The only way to stave off the strike at once would be by congress appropriating the money for the advance in pay demanded, but that would be only temporary. In a short time there would be another strike. And if the railroad workers get their advance in pay there will be strikes by other workers in all industries—all of it involving incalculable loss for the country and no immediate or lasting good for anybody. At the best, an appropriation would only be good to hold the railroad workers quiet until investigation and legislation could

provide some other relief. The prospect for the country and its people is not a pleasant one. Indeed, the situation is ominous. Not the less so because some hard-and-fast supporters of the administration seize the occasion to tell us that the first thing to do is to ratify the peace treaty and the League of Nations' covenant. The covenant has not improved conditions or stilled discontent in Great Britain. It seems to me that the country looks to the railroad workers to be patient a little longer, and not to insist upon their ultimatum. They should not pursue a course that will worsen the condition of everybody. And they may well reflect that they lose much moral support by their proposed policy of stand-and-deliver. It is to be hoped that they will cool off sufficiently not to vote for the strike. A strike might precipitate revolution and, all reports to the contrary notwithstanding, we can get anything we really want in this country by constitutional, as distinct from revolutionary methods, as witness what has been accomplished by the Farmers' Non-Partisan League in North Dakota.

Meanwhile I say, and everyone knows, that there are federal and state laws under which the wild revel of the profiteers can be stopped. All that is needed is the enforcement of those laws by every federal district and county prosecuting attorney in the country. Public opinion will be back of such law enforcement. And public opinion is the Higher Law. And public opinion knows for one thing that the government encouraged profiteering, for the sake of revenue.

The trouble is at bottom, a deficiency in production. How can production be increased? That is easy. Free the two sources of production. What are those two sources? Land and labor. Get the land into use. Unfence the held-out earth. Let labor get at it. Tax all the land into use. Release all the natural resources to development. Tax the rental value out of land so it won't profit anyone to hold it out of use for speculation. Remove all taxes upon all the forms of industry necessary to production. This will force the earth into production. There will be none of it held out of use, if the tax upon its non-use be heavy enough. This will yield revenue in billions which the Government does not now get. It will enforce activities of all kinds and provide employment and raise wages and bring down the cost of living. Put the vacant land to work in conjunction with the now jobless man. Wipe out the growing evil of farm-tenantry. Uproot land monopoly that holds up production at its source. Relieve the worker of the payment of tribute to those who hold land and charge a price to those who want to live upon and work it. Thus every one of the country's natural resources will be brought into the service of the people. In this way there would be no more levying of toll upon all forms of industry by people who do nothing but hold land and charge others for the right to use it. Make ownership of land dependent upon use. There is no other way of increasing production in the volume that

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REPUBLIC SAYS**

About

**British Labor
And the War**

Reconstructors for a New
World

By Paul U. Kellogg (Editor of The Survey)
and Arthur Gleason

"This book has been long expected; and it certainly forms the best discussion of its subject for the American reader. It is refreshingly vigorous, full of those touches of personality which make the narrative of events quick and living for the reader who wants more than the bare anatomy of the record, and it contains a valuable appendix of the fundamental documents. The authors write from the standpoint of Mr. Henderson and his followers; which is to say that they are keenly critical of Mr. Gompers and the official attitude of the American Federation. It is, naturally, a fascinating story they have to tell. Without pretensions to philosophic interpretation, they have produced a volume without which no American student of English conditions can pretend to be acquainted with the facts."—(Issue of July 23, 1919.)

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"This most important and informative book yet published on the Russian Revolution" (N. Y. Sun) is now in its fifth printing—in spite of a hostile press and an uninformed public. Readers of Wm. Hard's fine articles, "Anti-Bolsheviks," must own Reed's book, in order more fully to understand them.

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\$1.75 (postage 10c extra)

Timely Gossip

Edgar Saltus has broken into the "movies"! Shades of Oscar Wilde, Dowson and the brilliant early nineties! The Goldwyn Company will soon produce THE PALISER CASE—why not read it now, as Saltus wrote it? "The eight new titles in the famous MODERN LIBRARY maintain the excellent and discriminating standard of the other 62—so do the new titles in THE PENGUIN SERIES."—A complete catalog on request.

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107 W. 40th St.

New York City

will be necessary for the future, and only in this way can the worker be assured of getting the full value of his labor. He will get it because there will always be more jobs looking for men than men looking for jobs. All other remedies than this for low wages and high cost of living must fail. Rent will eat up wages and boost prices and check manufacture. After this it may be necessary to do other things, such as effect control of distribution, but the chief thing is to stimulate production first.

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But this, too, will take some time in the doing. The workers can hasten its accomplishment if they will only study the land question, which is the food question, the business question, the man question, the liberty question. Free land means free people. Free land means free seas, too, and freedom of trade "in widest commonalty spread," and that means no strife of nations for "spheres of influence" and "places in the sun," and no dread of one people that another people are to take their jobs away from them, and no war, and no crisis after war such as the one in which this country and most of the civilized world find themselves today. Speed the coming of the free earth! And some kind of a League of Nations that may see the truth as to the land question and apply it to the end of establishing peace on earth and good will to men.

✧

But for this instant crisis—what? I see nothing for it but a vote of an in-

crease to the railroad workers until something can be done to bring down the cost of living by a campaign against the profiteers and the enactment of laws to prevent the engrossing and forestalling of necessities of life. Then the democratization of industry and the admission of every human being to his share in the earth to which he comes through no will of his own. Anything that can be done now will be but a temporary expedient. It will at best touch only symptoms, not the disease, but anything, however insufficient, will be good, if only it will prevent the development of these present discontents into a desperation in which violent revolution will seem to be justified by the grim reflection that nothing could be worse than the thing which is—work without adequate reward and life on the terms of the overlords who exact tribute first of the insufficient wage and then of the skimmed market basket. Here is a situation that calls for statesmanship and not for phrases. Here is where the man who knows how can make this country safe for democracy and democracy, such as we have, safe for the man on the street and the farm, in the store and the mill and the mine and on the great highways of the land.

✧✧✧

Village Constable (to villager who has been knocked down by passing motorcyclist)—You didn't see the number, but could you swear to the man? Villager—I did, but I don't think 'e 'eard me.—Galveston News.

A Shelf of Stories

By Ruth Mather

One can understand how such large bodies of legendary literature grew up about the personalities of the heroes of the Greeks, the Romans and other ancient peoples, simply by noting what has occurred, and is occurring, in the case of our own greatest American hero, Abraham Lincoln, concerning whom a mass of matter is published every year until one can hardly tell which relating to him is authentically biographical and which merely fictitious. With "The Soul of Ann Rutledge" (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia) Bernie Babcock adds one more imaginative portrait of Lincoln to the store of impressions, historical and otherwise, we already have. Ann Rutledge was the young woman with whom Lincoln fell in love when first he journeyed to New Salem, Illinois, in the year 1831. To conceive of Lincoln as he would be when in love is a delicate undertaking: the least false note would expose the author to the charge of sacrilege by a million indignant Americans. But Mrs. Babcock has performed her chosen feat with infinite tact and fidelity, with overmuch fidelity, maybe, for her story has not the richness and fullness which might have made it a more vital picture of the period. But in its bareness and simplicity her romance has a power and pathos all its own, and it must certainly touch the heart of any reader.

✧

The essential difference between English fiction and American struck me more clearly in comparing two new mystery stories of average merit, by British and American authors respectively, than could ever have been the case, perhaps, had I confined such a comparison to master-productions of the two countries. The difference consists in the formality of the English style as against the spontaneity of the American. It is just this spontaneity, no doubt, which causes foreign critics to cry down our American writers as careless and slipshod. Whereas, instead, such spontaneity is a natural concomitant of the American character, and therefore, as it comes out in literature, entirely artistic.

The two novels in which this difference so manifested itself were "The Shrieking Pit" by Arthur J. Rees—English—(John Lane Co., New York) and "Miss Maitland, Private Secretary" by Geraldine Bonner—American—(D. Appleton & Co., New York).

Mr. Rees gives us a really truly Scotland Yard detective, writes an exciting and even gruesome story involving a young man suspected as a victim of epilepsy in one of its more violent forms, and so, when doubtful circumstances arise, accused as a murderer. The background of the novel is exceptionally interesting—a Norfolk seacoast town—and well calculated, too, to give the reader the "creeps." The story contains a courtroom scene which is rather delicious in its satirizing of lawyer types.

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Miss Bonner's novel is of a lighter sort, her mystery involves no murder, but a mere robbery and kidnapping. And her Long Island setting is attractive rather than repellent. The action moves with deftness and ease, and may be followed by the laziest of summer minds. The chief adverse criticism to be brought against "Miss Maitland, Private Secretary" is that in it rather too many mysteries are superimposed, one on the other, for truth; so that at the final solution the reader may experience a somewhat cheated feeling.

The United States is called the country of the short story, and yet "Ma Pettengill" by Harry Leon Wilson (Doubleday Page & Co., Garden City, New York), though in reality a collection of short stories, is camouflaged with a list of "chapters" to seem like a novel. The publishers know their market: so such a subterfuge might indicate Americans are not so undeviatingly devoted to the short story, after all.

To be sure, Mr. Wilson's stories have affinity for the same volume in that all are of identical setting and all take place about the personality of *Ma Pettengill* and are related by her. She, shrewd ranch woman with her strange mental mixture of brusquery and sophistication, has figured in former stories of Mr. Wilson's, and the Red Gap setting as well. *Ma's* humor tends to the burlesque and does not always attain its own standard, but the good, horse-sense philosophy of the book makes it recommendable.

In a prefatory note Brinsley MacNamara to some extent reviews his own novel, "The Valley of the Squinting Windows" (Brentano's, New York). So perhaps it is as well to summarize certain of his statements concerning the story.

Though the modern development of the Irish theatre was decidedly realistic in its tendencies, explains Mr. MacNamara, nevertheless the stage is such by its very nature that its literature is bound by artifices and conventions. Thus the realism of J. M. Synge, and the others associated with him, was less pronounced and startling than would have been the case had he, and they, chosen a different medium of expression. On the other hand the Irish theatre movement made ready the way for a similar development in the field of the novel. Not fully ready, however, for when Mr. MacNamara's book was brought out "the people of that part of Ireland with whom I deal in my writings became highly incensed. They burned my book after the best medieval fashion and resorted to acts of healthy violence. . . . The country as a whole did not dislike my picture of Irish life or say it was untrue. It was only the particular section of life which was pictured that still asserted its right to the consolation of romantic treatment, but in its very attempt to retain romance in theory it became realistic in practice."

A book important enough to be burned must indeed be an important book, and such an impression is not revised upon the reading of Mr. MacNamara's story. It is a true work of

art—if art of a merciless and hideous message. The "squinting windows" of the title are the windows through which the inhabitants of the rural valley of Tullahanogue peep out to spy upon the goings and comings and secrets and the very souls of one another. *Mrs. Brennan*, the village dressmaker, is perhaps the most pitiless gossip in all the place, despite the fact of her own shameful girlhood. But now she lives only in the hope of making amends for that shameful past through the spiritual success of her son, who has gone to study for the priesthood. *Mrs. Brennan's* unforgiving malice it is, however, which ultimately brings about the defeat of her own purpose, and the horribly ironical ruin of her noble boy.

"The Gamesters," a romance by H. C. Bailey (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York), has a timely interest because its setting shows us Germany as Germany was in the days of Frederick the Great. A Frederick far from great, however, but mean and despicable, is the ruler this author depicts. It is to be feared, in fact, that Mr. Bailey to some extent visits the sins of the children upon their forebears and has rather a grudge against the latter. Though of course the historians do have it that the Germany of that period was a vulgar and violent country. Mr. Bailey has skilfully employed the actual deeds and characteristics of Frederick as the very action of the plot. His charming hero and heroine are a young English brother and sister, *Adam* and *Eve de Roes*, who really existed and who, according to Mr. Bailey, are mentioned by Horace Walpole and other eighteenth century writers.

Unless one reads their language it is as a rule impossible through their fiction to get an understanding of the French people as they are at the present day. It is only the productions of their past which reach us in English. But "Two Banks of the Seine" by Fernand Vandérem (E. P. Dutton & Co., New York), is a novel of French setting that is contemporaneous—if one omits the element of the war—and done into English by George Raffalovich. More specifically, the story is Parisian as to its background, and affords a study of the life of the wealthy, frivolous, cosmopolitan group of the capital, as compared to that of the academic circles. " . . . Paris was composed of two cities, absolutely distinct in population, ways of life, and customs. The river Seine divided these two enemy cities. On its two banks, Sion, the venerable, faced Gomorrah.

"Sion, the left bank, that was, stood for the home of virtue, science and faith. Her people were chaste, modest, and diligent; they had preserved, in poverty and toil, the honest and decent national traditions. There the men were pure and the women beyond reproach. The whole inheritance of the ancestors—loyalty, devotion and high-mindedness were transmitted from fathers to sons, sheltered from the corruption of money and the shameful example of the foreigners. In sooth, it was the holy city.

"Gomorrah, the right bank, was the region of vice, license and dishonesty.

It was the hunting ground of all the cosmopolitan riff-raff, all the shifty hordes of exotics who had gradually foregathered and silently slipped into France after the war of 1870. They formed a nomadic, rascally and thievish multitude, without principles, country or morals, and were united solely by their greed for gold or a thirst for coarse pleasures. Gambling in stocks had filled their coffers and criminal transactions paid for their fatuous homes. The women were no better than the men; the adultery of the former flourished by the side of the swindling of the latter. Whole districts, and some of the finest, had become their domicile. Chaillot, Monceau, Maleherbes and the Roulé bowed at their orders and their money. There were long rows of hotels all filled with *restaquères*, and houses which the Jews had conquered from top to bottom, occupying every floor. Semites from Frankfort fraternized there with adventurers from the New World, shady Americans with dubious Orientals. And the whole country was sucked dry in the service of that impudent mob which gave its orders in doubtful French. The right bank—it was the cursed city!"

To start the action of his story, M.

Vandérem bridges the banks of the river after this manner: *Monsieur Raindal*, belonging to the left bank, writes a treatise concerning Cleopatra which attracts attention all over the city as well as among his brother servants. *Madame Chambannes*, of the right bank, reads the treatise and sees her chance to capture a new lion for the adornment of her salon. So she makes herself a pupil of *Monsieur Raindal* and he, with head turned by her flattery and the glitter and luxury in which she lives, forgets his frumpy wife to follow the little society butterfly. Then, too, there is the charming romance, not without its pathos, of *Thérèse Raindal*, the daughter of *Monsieur*—a girl so awkward and ugly that she was forsaken of the man to whom she had first been betrothed. Besides these characters of the main plots, there are a quantity of minor personages, all portrayed with clear and delicate touch; in fact the story as a whole is a wonderful recreation of two complete sectors of a society far different from any to which we Americans are accustomed, and infinitely fascinating in that difference.

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ions," Boni and Liveright have collected seven short stories by Henry James in a single volume. Originally these stories appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*, *Scribner's Monthly*, and the *Galaxy*, between the years 1868 and 1874. Which dates suggest the fact that although, as I believe, almost everyone thinks of James as a twentieth century writer, especially in view of his advanced methods in psychological analysis, nevertheless he was in reality more a product of the nineteenth. No doubt, to persons who read his work in 1870, his formality of style seemed merely a superb conforming to the manner of the time, rather than, as to us, a tone characteristic of him individually.

These stories are of varying merit according only to one's taste, and not according to their quality. For me the best of them is "Professor Fargo," the extremely moving study of a mathematical genius unappreciated by the world and so forced to gain subsistence for himself and his deaf-mute daughter by charlatanesque exhibitions which are altogether revolting to him. The first story, "Traveling Companions," for which the entire volume is named, is the romance, containing only the least element of complication, of a young American man and woman sojourning in Italy. "The Sweetheart of M. Briseux" affords the history of a girl who sacrificed her prospect of a fortunate marriage to give herself as model to a destitute artist in order that his genius might have opportunity for fulfillment. Wealth of local color chiefly characterizes "At Isella," which, so far as plot is concerned, is based on the very slight incident of an Italian woman fleeing to her lover from a brutal husband. "Guests' Confession" sets forth the problem of a young man in love with a proud girl whose father he has seen gravely humiliated. Then "Adina" is the story of an unscrupulous fellow who persuades an ignorant Italian to sell him for a song a priceless gem the latter has unearthed, and of the revenge the Italian takes when later he finds how he has been cheated. Last of all—and the story I liked least—is "De Gray: A Romance," a really most Gothic mystery tale of the descendant of an accursed house.

❖❖❖
Nell—I heard you were out on the golf links yesterday. What did you go round in? Stell—My new Scotch plaid. Really, dear, it fits perfectly.—*Manchester Guardian*.

❖❖❖
"So she has lost her husband? Has she recovered from her grief yet?" "Not yet. You know how slow those insurance companies are in settling."—*Kansas City Star*.

❖❖❖
"I presume you're mighty glad the war is over." "Well, I don't jes' know about dat," answered Mandy. "Cose, I'se glad to have my Sam back home an' all dat, but I jes' know I aint never gwine t' get money from him so regular as I did while he wuz in de army an' de government was handlin' his financial affairs."—*Detroit Free Press*.

❖❖❖
Willis—The secret of success is "Keep at it!" Gillis—Except in the stock market. Willis—What is it there? Gillis—Keep out of it.—*Life*.

Keep the Home Fires Burning

Upon a careful consideration of all the facts of the situation, any person of ordinary common sense cannot fail to be convinced that the warning of the coal dealers to domestic coal consumers to buy their winter's coal now, is wise and timely advice, based upon fundamental conditions, and it is difficult to understand why the domestic consumer is so apathetic about providing his winter's supply and does not act in his own interest.

Though it is a fact that since the signing of the armistice there has been no shortage of coal, or shortage of transportation facilities, because of the slackening of industry during the period of readjustment, the time is rapidly approaching when great difficulty will be experienced in getting an adequate supply of coal. This difficulty may be averted by promptly ordering the winter's supply, because, if provision of the winter's fuel is deferred until cold weather, the accumulated demand will overtax facilities.

From the best information obtainable, it appears definite that there will be a great shortage of mining labor, because thousands of miners are leaving this country for a temporary or permanent absence in Europe. In fact, immigration has ceased and emigration is assuming portentous proportions.

Furthermore, investigation shows that the coal-carrying equipment, or so-called "open-top" equipment of the railroads, is not in good condition, and that there is a steadily increasing accumulation of "bad-order" cars upon the side tracks, and that it will be impossible to put anything but a small proportion of this equipment back into service in time to meet the peak load of the demand for coal.

It is thought by some that the apathy of the domestic consumer is due to an expectation of a decrease in price. This, it is averred by all those having knowledge, is impossible while the present rates of wages called for under the miners' contract are paid, and there is no expectation of any abatement in the demands of labor until the cost of living has been reduced.

Upon the ratification of the Peace Treaty and the proclamation of the President declaring peace, every wage contract with the miners in the United States comes to an end, and a new arrangement will have to be made.

It is well known that the miners contemplate asking for a six-hour day, five days a week, and a radical advance in their wage rates, and if any part of such demands are granted there will be a corresponding increase in the cost of coal to the consumer.

Irrespective of the question of price and the shortage of labor, extraordinary demands that will be made upon transportation facilities for the movement of crops and other classes of merchandise, may result in a merging of the question of price into the question of getting coal at any price; therefore the consumer should look out for himself and place his order with the dealer immediately.

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Labor's Plan for Railroad Reorganization

By Glenn E. Plumb

Counsel for the Railroad Brotherhoods.

This plan was first presented by Mr. Plumb at the "Reconstruction Convention" held at Atlantic City, June 10, 1919. Writing of its reception under date of June 11, the correspondent of the New York "Evening Post" said: "The Convention is today reacting to the powerful appeal made yesterday by Glenn E. Plumb, counsel for the Railroad Brotherhoods, in behalf of their scheme for taking over the operation of the country's railway lines under Government ownership."

"Mr. Plumb's eloquent speech and the plan he briefly outlined are the talk of the labor delegates, to the exclusion of almost every other subject. It is being characterized as the 'entering wedge for the nationalization of the big industries.'"

"Certainly nothing that has transpired at the convention so thrilled the delegates as the dramatic appeal of the Chicago attorney. He is rather thick-set and gray, and he speaks with what might be termed a conscious effort at oratory, but his earnestness took the convention. His appeal for endorsement by the Federation was first of all a human one, and when he had closed, and when the whole convention arose, one could sense an emotional note in the prolonged cheers. One could hear the clearing of throats, as well as the clapping of hands. The speaker not only convinced his audience, he moved it."

The substance of Mr. Plumb's proposals are embodied in the bill which the Railway Brotherhoods have had introduced in Congress, simultaneously with the formulation of demands for more wages or decrease in the cost of living.

Our railroads constitute a system of public highways 250,000 miles in extent. Along these highways flows all the commerce of the nation. The transportation of this commerce before January 1, 1918, was an industry controlled by private owners, regulated by the public, and employing more than five per cent of the total labor supply of the country. This industry is based upon three elements:

The grant of authority from the people to conduct the industry for their benefit; the investment of capital in sufficient amount to acquire the properties and their equipment, and the investment by wage earners of their services in the industry. These three elements are of equal importance in performing public service. Without a franchise or grant of authority neither the wage earner nor capital could function. Without capital labor would lack employment and the public would lack service. Without labor capital would miss its opportunity for investment and the public would be deprived of service. Under private ownership and management capital alone has been represented in the directorate controlling the industry. By monopolizing the office of management, capital has denied to both the public and to labor any representation in its directorate. Labor has been compelled to organize in order that it might procure due recognition of its interest in the industry, and the public has been compelled to legislate and pass stringent laws regulating the exercise of the power of management by capital in order to protect the public interest in the industry.

Between the demand of labor and the regulation of government, capitalistic management is no longer able to support all of its claims to earn a return upon all of the securities it has issued. The right of capital to all of its claimed returns is challenged by both the public and the wage earners. Capital says to the public: "In order to meet the burdens placed upon us by the regulations which you enforce, we can no longer meet the demands made upon us by the wage earners. Either wages must fall or the public must pay more for the service." To the wage earner capital says: "Your demands are extortionate. We cannot pay the wages demanded unless rates are increased." The wage earner and the public in turn reply to capital: "If your demands were not so great the wage earner could receive his just due without increasing the burden thrown upon the public by increasing rates. In fact, just wages could be paid and a just return paid to you and a reduction in rates be made to the public."

The organized employees of the service, acting as a unit, have presented to Congress a plan that provides for a mutual and righteous understanding between these three interests for the future conduct of the industry in which the public, the wage earner, and the railway management shall have an equal voice of authority. This plan provides:

First. That the Government shall acquire all existing railroad properties, paying therefor the price to be judicially determined in proceedings as prescribed in the act providing for Government acquisition.

That the Government shall own all railways hereafter constructed; that future extensions shall be financed by the Government and the territory specifically benefited by the construction of such extensions; the apportionment of public and private benefits to be made in the lowest obtainable rate of interest, in amounts determined as chargeable to public benefits and paid for by the public shall be charged to capital account and affect fixed charges.

Second. That the Government shall be authorized, as a means of paying for the properties so acquired, to issue its securities at the lowest obtainable rate of interest, in amounts sufficient to pay for the cost of acquisition and to furnish the required amount of working capital.

Third. That the properties shall be operated by a private corporation organized under a federal charter, which shall have no financial investment in the industry, its sole capital being operating skill and ability. It shall have a nominal capital stock, all of which shall be trusted for the benefit of its employees. All of its employees shall be divided into two classes—(A) those employees exercising executive and managerial powers, and (B) the wage earning employees who carry into execution the direction of the executive employee. This corporation shall be controlled by a board of directors, one-third of this board to be named by the President of the United States, with the approval of the Senate, one-third to be elected by the employees in Class A and one-third to be elected by the employees in Class B.

Fourth. The Government shall lease to this corporation all of its lines of railways for operating purposes. The lease shall provide that the corporation shall pay each year: (1) All operating expenses, including therein the amounts which the Government may prescribe shall be set aside to meet the maintenance and renewal charges. (2) An agreed amount to establish a sinking fund, which should be not less than one-half of one per cent of the outstanding capital account. (3) The amount of net earnings remaining after making the above required payments shall be divided equally between the Government and the operating corporation. The profits so accruing to the operating corporation shall then be distributed, either in annual, semi-annual, or quarterly payments, as a dividend upon the payroll of the corporation; each employee in Class B receiving that portion of the dividends allotted to that class which his wage for the dividend period bears to the total wages paid to employees of his class for the same period. Employees in Class A shall, in like manner, and at like times, receive a graduated increased rate of dividend, depending upon the amount of profits which their management has earned for employees in Class B.

Fifth.—Automatic Protection Against Excessive Rates and Profits.—To prevent the public from paying in rates excessive profits to the corporation or to the Government, we provide that, whenever in one year the amount of net profits received by the Government shall equal or exceed five per cent of the gross operating revenues, the Interstate Commerce Commission shall immediately reduce the level of rates by an amount sufficient to absorb these profits. Every such reduction in rates will tend to increase the flow of traffic and again restore profits to their former level, again insuring further reduction in rates.

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Signed.....

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may be adjudged by the proper tribunal to be properly chargeable to the public benefit and paid for out of public funds, shall be charged into capital account with a corresponding increase in fixed charges.

Seventh.—Sinking Fund.—We would provide for the payment annually into a sinking fund of a sum equal to one-half of one per cent of the outstanding capital account, this fund to be used in acquiring and extinguishing the outstanding bonds issued by the Government, either at current market prices or at par, at fixed intervals of redemption.

Eighth. — Distinguishing Between Wage Earning Employees and Employees Exercising Executive and Managerial Power.—Those opposing this plan offer as the first objection that we give to labor represented by wage earners and managing officials a two-thirds control of the directorate; that it would be possible for these two forces to combine and by raising wages absorb all profits so that there would be nothing to divide between the corporation and the Government, and might even create a deficit in operating expenses which must be met by taxation.

Our plan provides against the possibility of such a contingency. While the wage earner and the managing officials have a common interest in the fixed level of wages and salaries, we provide that they shall have conflicting interests in the distribution of the dividends. Assume that the number of employees in Class A is one per cent of the number of employees in Class B. Now, for the purpose of illustration, assume that there is one employee in Class A and one hundred employees in Class B. If we were to allow to the Class A employee twice the rate of dividend allowed to employees in Class B, it is manifest that any increase in the level of wages would immediately wipe out the extra dividend allowed the Class A employee. His interest can be preserved only by maintaining the fixed wage level allowed to Class B employees and obtaining for them the highest possible rate of dividend. A very slight increase in the wage level of Class B employees would extinguish the opportunity of the Class A employee to obtain the extra compensation assured him by the double dividend rate. The possibility of management and wage earner uniting to raise wages and salaries and thus absorb profits, and perhaps create a deficit, wholly disappears when this detail of the division of the profits is studied and understood.

Ninth.—Valuation.—The great fundamental upon which this plan is based is that there shall be a proper valuation of all railroad properties. We contend that the only basis for obtaining such valuation is to determine the amount of money which each corporation, at the time of the valuation, had put in the actual service of the public. The amount so determined represents the property interest which the corporation has been granted in the public highways to which it holds title. The payment to it of this amount, judicially determined, would be full recognition of all of its property interests and all rights which it enjoyed under its charter and the Constitution of the State and the United States. Such valuation eliminates from the public obligations all fictitious securities, discounts on securities actually

paid for to the extent of the discounts, and improvements made out of earnings which were really paid for by the public.

Conclusion.—Under this plan we provide a sure method for the ultimate reduction of transportation charges to actual cost. Under this plan every increase in surplus earnings tends to a reduction in rates. Every expenditure out of earnings for improvements increases the actual investment and earning power without any increase in fixed charges. Every improvement made upon the properties and paid for by local taxation brings about the same result. Every application of surplus earnings and sinking fund accumulations secures a reduction of outstanding capital and a diminution of fixed charges, again securing a further reduction in rates. We insure the public against constantly increasing rates and the wage earner against the ever-present threat of a reduction in wages. We guarantee to the holder of the securities the protection

of the integrity of his investment and the receipt of adequate returns. We give to the community, to the wage earner, and to the management an equal voice of authority in the direction of the industry. These benefits no other plan can promise. No plan presented by the present owners attempts to procure these results.—*From Commerce and Finance*, New York, July 23rd.

The Browns A-Coming

To those of us in whom the love of baseball was so happily inoculated by the success of the old St. Louis Browns many years ago, and who have luckily survived the World War and its attendant measures of radical reforms, there now seems to loom brightly upon the horizon what appears to be a rift in the clouds, bespeaking joy, great joy for us real baseball fans!

The experts tell us the Browns are coming into their own again. Winning series after series from the strongest

clubs, just like they used to do in the good old days when Chris Von der Ahe and Charlie Comiskey guided their fortunes.

The return to winning form of the Browns comes at a time when most of us are in need of a good nerve tonic. War-time prohibition bids fair to leave us red-blooded fellows all mired and mucked in the Slough of Despond, if we don't look out! Now the question remains: Will the rehabilitated Browns, the team carrying a name which meant so much to St. Louis years and years ago, and whose successes on the field carried the fame of our city to all parts of the world, prove the oasis to which we, who do love a good, clean baseball game, can go, and there rant and root and roar as only good thick-blooded American rooters can, while our Browns are wiping the earth up with the visitors.

We fellows don't actually realize what the success of our Browns means to us at this time. When it comes to a final analysis we all love a winner. It mat-

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Banking Relations and
Federal Tax Reports.

The remarkable rapidity with which all lines of business are expanding these days makes new banking facilities imperative for many aggressive, growing concerns.

If you feel the need of broader, more comprehensive financial service than you now enjoy, why not submit to us a copy of your latest business statement?

We will give it careful, thoughtful, analytical consideration and will quite likely make valuable suggestions, based on what we learn from it. We can also be of great assistance in the proper handling of your Income, Excess Profits and other Federal taxes. Constant contact with this work has made the employees of our Corporation Department thoroughly familiar with every knotty tax problem and intricate legal clause. Their expert services are at the disposal of Mercantile patrons.

Last, but by no means least of our service qualifications—our Capital and Surplus aggregating \$10,000,000, which, with deposits totaling nearly \$40,000,000, enables us to extend ample credit to responsible individuals, firms and corporations whose business statements justify such a course.

Come in any time, bring your statement and let us go over it and discuss it — together.

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EIGHTH AND LOCUST



U.S. Government Protection

— TO ST. CHARLES

ters not whether it is war, business, love, or baseball.

So the Browns have been winning regularly and, of course, all of us who boast of possessing even an ounce of sporting blood, and are liberal enough to allow ourselves an hour or two recreation, occasionally, have been enjoying the time of our lives out on Grand avenue of late.

At Sunday's game, July 20th, though it was with much difficulty that we elbowed our way through the vast crowds, we met hundreds of old Browns' followers whom we had not seen inside a ball park in years.

Everybody seemed to feel happy over the continued success of their old favorites, and all agreed that Messrs. Ball and Stifel, had finally made good their promise to give the local fans a winning ball club—a team carrying a real honest-to-goodness "carry-on" kick.

Baseball fans don't worry much over the politics of baseball, so long as the management gives them a winning combination to root for and entertain them. Manager Jimmy Burke and Business Manager Bobby Quinn, so we are told, are entitled to the lion's share of credit for the happy success achieved by the team so far this season.

It is time the luck began to break for owners Ball and Stifel who, since purchasing the team from Bob Hedges, have made strenuous efforts to give the fans a winner at Sportsman's park.

Few critics predicted a first division berth for the Browns, basing their criticisms on the team's 1918 perform-

ances, when the club was weakened by the draft call, war demands, a disappointing manager, and when there was anything but harmony on the team.

With the coming of Manager Burke, late last season, the luck changed and the team under his direction displayed immediate improvement. During the winter months, so we learn, Messrs. Ball and Stifel, gave Burke and Quinn free rein, with the result that the morale of the players was vastly improved, new material was purchased, and harmony, that magic quality, so necessary in the make-up of ball teams, was restored.

The team is now easily within striking distance of the leaders and a percentage of over .500 held late in July in the American League, means that the Browns with anything like an even break in the luck, can be considered championship contenders at this time. The team is enjoying a splendid hitting streak, their defensive play is tight, which means few runs for the opposition, and their pitchers are functioning in winning form.

We are for a winner, so we are rooting for the Browns to win the flag in the American League. The Browns will return home from the Eastern trip on August 14th, and will open with Philadelphia.

♦♦♦

"What a cheerful woman Mrs. Smiley is?" "Isn't she? Why, do you know, that woman can have a good time thinking what a good time she would have if she were having it."—*Tit-Bits*.

Fishing Stories

By Don Marquis

Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith, Mariners, travelers, magazines of myth, Settin' up in Heaven, chewin' and a-chawin',

Eatin' their terbaccy, talkin' and a-jawin';

Settin' by a crick, spittin' in the worter, Talkin' tall an' tactless, as saints hadn't orter,

Lollin' in the shade, baitin' hooks and anglin',

Occasionally friendly, occasionally wranglin'.

Noah took his halo from his old bald head

An' swatted off a hoppergrass an' knocked it dead,

An' he baited of his hook, an' he spoke an' said:

"When I was the Skipper of the tight leetle Ark

I useter fish fer porpus, useter fish fer shark,

Often I have ketched in a single hour on Monday

Sharks enough to feed the fambly till Sunday—

To feed all the sarpints, the tigers an' donkeys,

To feed all the zebras, the insects an' monkeys,

To feed all the varmints, bears an' gorillars,

To feed all the camels, cats an' armadillers,

To give all the pelicans stews for their gizzards,

To feed all the owls an' catamounts an' lizards,

To feed all the humans, their babies an' their nusses,

To feed all the houn'dawgs an' hipopotamusses,

To feed all the oxens, feed all the asses,

Feed all the bison an' leetle hopper-grasses—

Always I ketched, in half a hour on Monday

All that the fambly could gormandize till Sunday!"

Jonah took his harp, to strum and to string her,

An' Cap'n John Smith teched his nose with his finger.

Cap'n John Smith, he hemmed some an' hawed some,

An' he bit off a chaw, an' he chewed some and chawed some;

"When I was to China, when I was to Guinea,

When I was to Java, an' also in Ver-jinney,

I teachd all the natives how to be ambitious,

I learned 'em my trick of ketchin' devilfishes.

I've fitten tigers, I've fitten bears,

I have fitten sarpints an' wolves in their lairs,

I have fit with wild men an' hippopotamusses,

But the perilousteest varmints is the bloody octopusses!

I'd rub my forehead with phosphorescent light

An' plunge into the ocean an' seek 'em out at night!

I ketched 'em in grottoes, I ketched 'em in caves,

I used fer to strangle 'em underneath the waves!

When they seen the bright light blazin' on my forehead

They used fer to rush at me, screamin' something horrid!

Tentacles wavin', teeth white an' gnashin',

Hollerin' an' bellerin', wallerin' an' splashin'!

I useter grab 'em, as they rushed from their grots,

Ketch all their legs an' tie 'em into knots!"

Noah looked at Jonah, an' said not a word,

But if winks made noises, a wink had been heard.

Jonah took the hook from a mudcat's middle

An' strummed on the strings of his hallalujah fiddle;

Jonah give his whiskers a backhand wipe

An' cut some plug terbaccer an' crammed it in his pipe!

(Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith, Fishermen an' travelers, narreratin' myth,

Settin' up in Heaven all eternity,

Fishin' in the shade, contented as could be!

Spittin' their terbaccer in the little shaded creek,

Stoppin' of their yarns fer ter hear the ripples speak!

I hone fer Heaven, when I think of this—

REWARD

The last few days several cables of this Company have been cut.

A reward of One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000.00) will be paid for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons guilty of cutting the cables carrying the lines of this Company.

A reward of Five Hundred Dollars (\$500.00) will be paid for information resulting in the arrest and conviction of any person or persons guilty of cutting the telephone cables of this Company.

The above rewards cancel and supersede the rewards advertised by this Company, for a similar purpose, in the newspapers on or about July 4th.



SOUTHWESTERN BELL TELEPHONE COMPANY

Boatmen's Bank Building

You folks bound hellward, a lot of fun you'll miss!)

Jonah, he decapitates that mudcat's head,

An' gets his pipe ter drawin'; an' this is what he said:

"Excuse me ef your stories don't excite me much!

Excuse me ef I seldom agitate fer such! You think yer fishermen! I won't argue none!

I won't even tell yer the half o' what I done!

You has careers dangerous an' checkered!

All as I will say is: Go and read my record!

You think yer fishermen! You think yer great!

All I asks is this: Has one of ye been bait?

Cap'n Noah, Cap'n John, I heerd when ye hollered;

What I asks is this: Has one of ye been swallowed?

It's mighty purty fishin' with little rods an' reels.

It's mighty easy fishin' with little rods an' creels.

It's mighty pleasant ketchin' mudcats fer yer dinners,

But this here is my challenge for saints an' fer sinners:

Which one of ye has voyaged in a varmint's inners?

When I seen a big fish, tough as Methooslum,

I used for to dive into his oozy-gooz-lum!

When I seen the strong nsn, wallop'n like a lummicks,

I useter foller 'em, dive into their stum-micks!

I could v'yage an' steer 'em, I could understand 'em,

I useter navigate 'em, I useter land 'em!

Don't you pester me with any more narration!

Go git famous! Git a reputation!"

Cap'n John he grinned, his hat brim beneath,

Clicked his tongue of silver on his golden teeth;

Noah an' Jonah an' Cap'n John Smith, Strummin' golden harps, narreratin' myth!

Settin' by the shallows forever an' forever,

Swappin' yarns an' fishin' in a little river!

—From the *New York Evening Sun*.

❖❖❖

"Didn't you enjoy yourself at the dance, Jane?" "No, sir; it was my first public 'op, and it'll be my last. I was hinsulted most."

❖❖❖

"She doesn't dance very gracefully."

"Neither does she dance disgracefully. And that's a point, too."—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

❖❖❖

"What sort of a girl is she?" "The kind that everybody says will make a good wife for somebody some day."—

Detroit Free Press.

❖❖❖

Crabshaw—If you don't like the bone-dry law, why don't you take a trip abroad? Gayboy—I would only I think it will be easier to get a drink than a passport.—*Life*.

Marts and Money

Tight money is responsible for a lot of worrying on the Stock Exchange. The call rate shot up to 20 per cent lately, a level which used to be considered disgraceful in the good old days, prior to the passage of the Federal Reserve Act. Bankers are exceedingly cautious both in words and action. They insist that stock inflation must be stopped, that supplies of funds must be carefully husbanded if hopes about foreign trade and general prosperity are to be realized.

However, they are not sufficiently consistent in their conservative propaganda. The day after establishment of a 20 per cent rate, they calmly quoted optional loans at 6 and 7 per cent again. Action such as this arouses suspicion that the recurrent flurries in interest charges are primarily devised to enable conspiring parties to acquire large blocks of especially desirable certificates.

Strange to say, even the monthly report of the Federal Reserve Board is incitative of further inflation in prices. It puts unctuous emphasis upon favorable features of the general economic situation. It stresses the fact that uncommonly big amounts of stocks have been taken out of the market and stuck away in strong boxes. Seems to me that in a somewhat crucial conjuncture like the present, the high supervising powers of finance should see the ne-

cessity of using the soft pedal in official statement, at least as concerns such matters as are calculated to intensify the scramble for issues already quoted at extraordinarily high prices.

In other words, there should be more discretion, more discrimination, a more vigilant sense of responsibility in supreme circles. The latest rush to liquidate at falling prices was preceded by distrustful cogitation upon the disorganized foreign exchange market. While a few rates indicate slight enhancement, signs of truly substantial recoveries are not yet perceivable. It is only through extension of important credits that the remedial process can be accelerated on this side of the Atlantic.

On the other side, the principal curative agency is discoverable chiefly in plans calling for drastic limitation of imports. News from London, Paris, and Rome is not of favorable character. It doesn't support hopes of rapidly expanding exports from the United States, in the absence of willingness or ability on the part of our financiers to grant loans on a greater scale than is now contemplated. According to Charles H. Sabin, president of the Guaranty Trust Company, "it is certain that our credit institutions cannot handle the demand for credit without co-operation. Such co-operation must be accorded by our Government, our manufacturers, and our producers. The amounts involved are far too large for any other method of

handling." Precisely. Mr. Sabine opines that "Congress should amend the law which empowered the War Finance Corporation to make advances to American exporting concerns, on the guarantee of American banks, so as to extend this power to foreign companies."

Other bankers talk in similar strain. The National City Bank declares that the American public must co-operate with the financial institutions, that the banks alone cannot manage the undertaking, because they cannot tie up their resources in foreign credits. It also pleads for a more liberal policy respecting admission of foreign products; "We have not yet, as a people, assimilated the idea that foreign trade is fundamentally an exchange of commodities and services, as, for that matter, is domestic trade."

Quite so. High tariff duties are hardly compatible with a League of Nations.

The Baldwin Locomotive Co. gave a new slant to Wall street, thinking when it announced that it had extended a \$7,000,000 credit to the Polish government, the consideration being a contract for one hundred and fifty engines. The period of payment comprises ten years. The expectation is that some other industrial corporations will enter into similar contacts in the near future.

The quarterly statement of the U. S. Steel Corporation furnished no surprises. The net results were \$34,331,301, against \$33,513,384 for the previous

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(and close out without any difficulty)

Men's Tan Russia Oxfords, heretofore \$9.50 to \$11.. **\$7.95**

Tan and black calf, and black vici Oxfords heretofore \$6 to \$7.50 **\$3.95**

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Boys' and Men's rubber sole white canvas outing Shoes, heretofore \$4 and \$5..... **\$2.45**

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quarter, ended March 31, and \$62,557,391 for the three months ended June 30, 1918. The final surplus, after dividends of \$1.75 on preferred and \$1.25 on common shares, was \$5,308,587. For the like period in 1918, the record was \$19,017,375. The exact amount earned on the common stock was \$2.29, against \$2.20 for the previous quarter. Chairman Gary again expressed satisfaction with tendencies in the steel industry; also confidence that the uncertainty of the foreign exchange market would be solved by intelligent consideration of governing factors. Friends of steel common pointed out that the amount now being earned is equal to about 9.10 per cent per annum, though the dividend rate is only 5 per cent. They didn't succeed, though, in arousing enthusiastic demand. The quotation receded from 113 to 107½, subsequently. Other leading steel issues recorded declines ranging from three to nine points.

The return of telegraph and telephone systems to stockholders had no particularly interesting effect on values of this class of shares. The current price of American T. & T. stock is 103½, or about five points below the high mark since January 1. Six years ago sales were made above 150.

Quotations for railroad stocks show losses varying from two to four points in numerous cases, the state of affairs being more than ever perplexing. With the Brotherhoods demanding perpetuation of Federal control, a share of surplus profits, participation in management, and \$1,000,000,000 additional in wages if cost of living is not reduced or reducible, material improvement in values of shares of this variety must be regarded as decidedly improbable. The attitude of the Brotherhoods is defiant. It implies conversion to the gospel of direct action.

It reflects general dissatisfaction and unrest among the masses. To treat it lightly would be foolish. Profiteering is revealing its inevitable effects in startling fashion. The war played the deuce with laws of supply and demand, and knocked some hoary principles into a cocked hat. Louis the Sixteenth thought it was a mere disturbance. One of his noble attendants glanced through the window at the *canaille* howling for bread, quickly withdrew, and said: "Sire, it's a revolution." However, the common people of America have political power in their own hands, and so there's reason for hoping that things will be settled in the right way, without upheavals and disasters.

The days of profiteering are drawing to a close, and that rapidly. Some recent corporate reports have thrown lurid light upon the wrongs involved in it. There was excellent Bolshevik propaganda in figures submitted by the Corn Products, the Central Leather and the American Hide & Leather Companies. Very instructive deductions could be drawn also from the last yearly statement of the American Woolen Company. Advices concerning cotton and grain crops are rather unfavorable, if not downright discouraging. The Government now puts the former's condition at only 67 per cent, indicating a yield of 11,016,000 bales. The grain fields are said to have suffered considerable dam-

age from insects and adverse weather conditions.

Finance in St. Louis

On the local bourse they persist in playing stocks that have already registered remarkable advances, ranging from twenty to ninety points. There's no worrying, apparently, with regard to supplies of funds or political uncertainties. The banking institutions are amply equipped with money for all reasonable needs, including dealings in speculative securities. Quoted interest rates show only moderate increases, despite calls for loans to farming communities. The minimum is 5½ per cent, the maximum 6½. Transactions in United Railways 4s indicated expansion latterly. A total of \$10,000 brought 55. One thousand dollars St. Louis City 4s, of 1923, were taken at 95, and \$1,000 3.65s, at 92. These figures show no important variations from previous records since January 1. In the industrial group may be noted sales as follows: Two hundred Hydraulic-Press Brick preferred at 52; one hundred and thirty common, at 11; eighty National Candy common, at 99.87½ to 100; ten Ely-Walker D. G. first preferred, at 106; forty second preferred, at 86; fifty International Shoe preferred, at 111; twelve hundred Indian Refining, at 8.12½ to 8.25, and two hundred and forty Marland Refining at 7.12½ to 7.25.

Answers to Inquiries.

STOCKHOLDER, Centralia, Mo.—American Smelting & Refining preferred is an investment stock of unquestionable intrinsic merits. The 7 per cent has been paid regularly since incorporation in 1900, and the stock has never sold at less than 80¼. Since 1914 the high and low records have been 113 and 99. The floating supply is not large. This accounts for contracting range of fluctuations. There's no danger of a severe decline in price.

C. R. F., St. Louis.—Your inquiry had been mislaid. Current price of Nova Scotia Steel is 81¼. Recent top mark was 97. Company in satisfactory financial condition, though substantial increase in surplus would appear desirable in interest of stockholders. At end of 1918, the total was \$2,616,585. This is rather small for a company organized in 1882, even if allowance is made for habitual generosity of Canadian and British corporations towards shareholders. The quarterly \$1.25 will probably be maintained, despite somewhat narrow margin of safety. Considering the meliorative tendencies in the steel and other leading industries, you will undoubtedly be given a chance to sell at a profit by and by. Your purchase price of 90 compares with 125 in 1917.

QUESTION, St. Louis.—(1) Booth Fisheries common is a speculation, of a somewhat inferior sort. Dividend was passed last April. The present price of 22½ seems about right, measured by earnings and past records, leaving aside the quotation of 135 established on the Chicago market at one time. It is likely that the stock may be lifted to 35 and even 40 in the next bull movement, especially so if present talk concerning expansion in earnings should be fulfilled. (2) Add to your Pennsylvania Seaboard Steel at 42.



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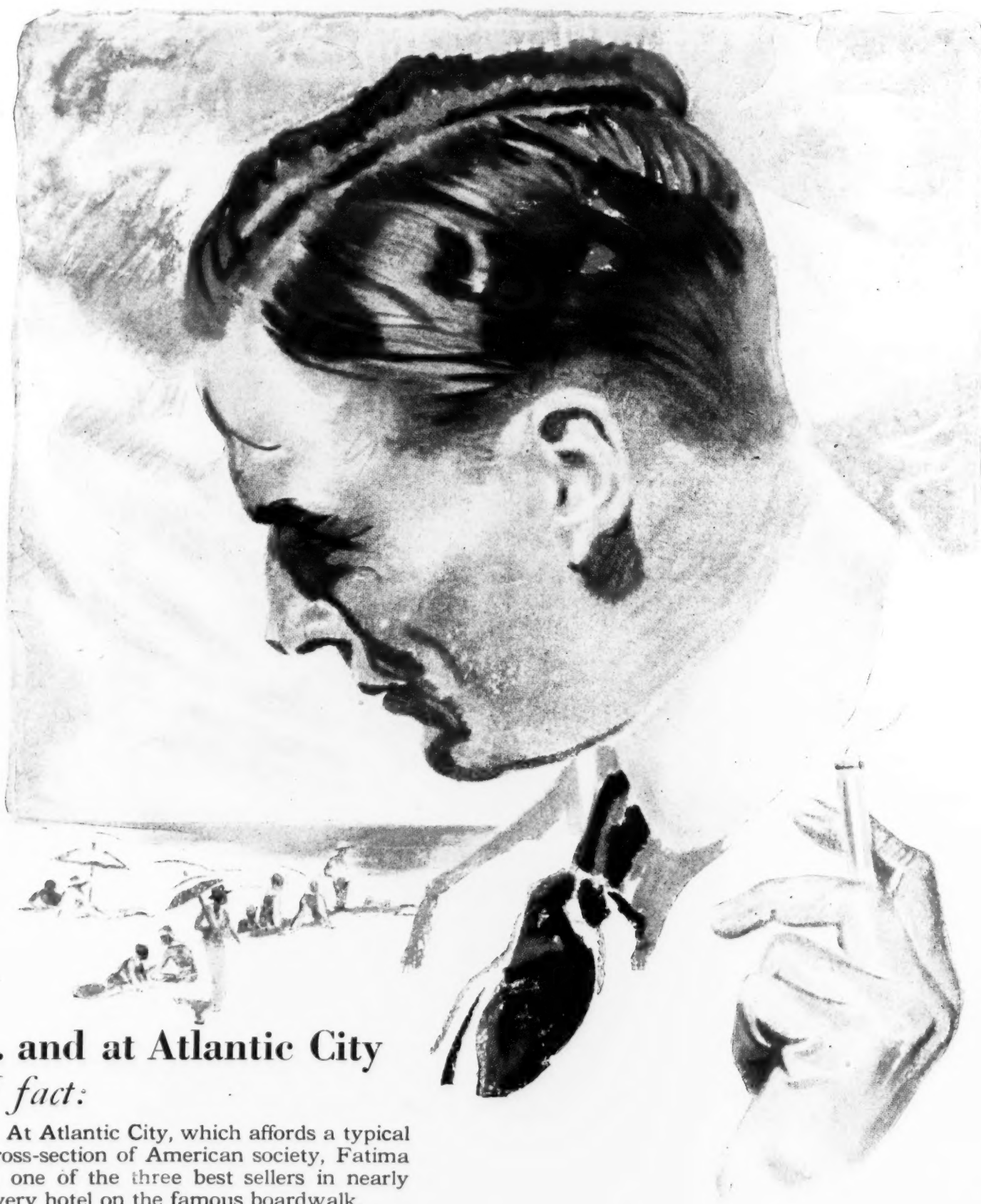
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